



BUNYAN'S

» PILGRIM'S «

PROGRESS.



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

YOUNG FOLKS' EDITION.

As I walked through the world, I came to a place where was a den, and I laid down to sleep: and as I slept I dreamed.



I thought I saw a man clothed in rags, standing in a certain place, with his face turned from his home, a book in his hand, and a great pack upon his back. As I looked I thought he opened the book and commenced to read, and as he did so that he wept and trembled as though in fear at what the book was telling him. At last he looked up and exclaimed, "What shall I do?" In this way he went home, and when there he strove to keep a knowledge of his feelings from his wife and children; but this was hard to do, as his trouble seemed to increase rather than diminish. At last he cried, "O, wife! and you, my dear children! I am borne down by the weight of sin that rests upon me, so that I can find no rest. More than this, I have learned that this our city will some day be burned with fire from heaven, and unless we seek safety we shall be destroyed."

At this the family was greatly surprised; not that they believed what had been said, but they feared the brain of the one they loved had become crazed; but as it was then nearly night, they hoped a good sleep would refresh him, and restore him to his usual self again. But the night proved as troublesome to him as the day, and instead of sleeping he tossed about continually, passing the whole night in sighs and tears. When the morning was come, many of his friends and neighbors came to inquire how he was, but he had but one answer for them all: "Worse and worse!" Then he began talking to them concerning the danger they were in, of being burned with fire from heaven unless they sought safety. But to this they gave no thought, but sought to drive away the strange ideas that had taken possession of him. Some of them were indifferent to him, treating him coldly, while others found fault, and strove to arouse him by chiding him. After they withdrew he went into his chamber, to pray for them, and to ask direction as to what course he should take himself. During the day he walked in the fields, praying and reading from his book, and thus for many days he spent much of his time. Often he would be heard to cry out in agony, "Oh! what shall I do to be saved?"

While he was in the fields, it seemed in my dream, that a man named Evangelist met him and asked:

"Why, dear sir, are you crying thus?"

Then Christian—for that was what he was now called—answered:

"I find by this book that is in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that death will come the judgment. I am worried continually on account of the burden of sin that is upon me."

"Then why do you stand here?" asked Evangelist.

"Because I know not where to go!" exclaimed Christian. Then Evangelist produced a roll, and gave it to Christian.

Upon the roll was written, "Flee from the wrath to come."

"But whither shall I flee?" asked Christian, as his eye fell upon the words. Evangelist pointed with his finger, over a wide field.

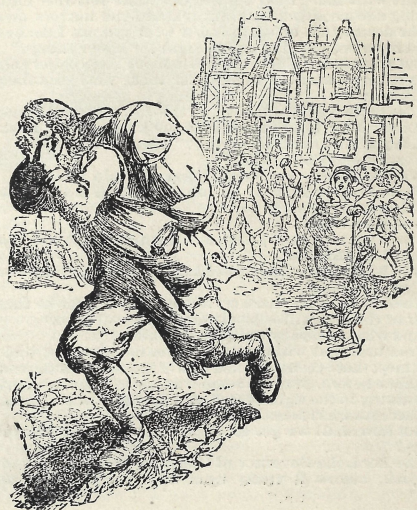
"Do you see yonder wicket-gate?" he asked.

Christian looked in the direction pointed out but declared he could see nothing. Then said the other turning a little, "Do you see yonder shining light?"

"Yes, I think I do," said Christian.

"Then," replied Evangelist, "keep that light in your eye and go straight forward, and soon you will see the gate. When there, knock, and after it has been opened, it will be told you what further you must do."

Then I thought in my dream, that Christian began running as for dear life. Now he had not got far from his own



door before his wife and children saw him, and commenced calling to him to return. But when Christian saw that they were determined not to go with him, he stuffed his fingers in his ears, so that he could not be tempted by them, and went on, crying as he ran, "Lie! lie! eternal life!" So he looked not behind him again, but kept on toward the middle of the field. At this some of the neighbors ran after him, trying to persuade him to turn back, and when he would not they mocked him. Two of the number declared that they could get Christian to return, and so ran on after him. The names of these two were Obstinate and Pliable. As soon as Christian saw them following after him he said: "Now, good neighbors, why do you follow on after me?"

"To persuade you to go back," answered one of them.

"That can not be," said Christian, "we are now living in the City of Destruction that will sooner or later be burned with fire. Leave the world and seek after better things, the Celestial City which is eternal."

"What," said Obstinate, "and leave all our friends and wealth behind us?"

"Yes," said Christian, "because the glories of this world are as nothing compared with those of the city I am seeking to find."

"And pray, what are these things you think so well worth seeking?" asked Pliable.

"An inheritance that never fadeeth, but that is laid up in heaven for those who in this life do diligently seek for it. If you will read out of this little book, called God's word, you will find that it is indeed so."

"Away with your book!" said Obstinate, scornfully.

"Will you go back with us or not?"

"I have laid my hand on the plow; there is no turning back for me," said Christian. "I care more for the life to come, than for the one I might spend in the place I have left."

"Come, then," said Obstinate, "we may as well cease following after this crazy-headed fellow. Such men are always wise in their own eyes."

"Don't make fun, neighbor Obstinate," said Pliable; "I have an idea that what Christian has just told us is somewhat true. I am a little inclined to go on with him, and see what may come of it."

"What, more fools yet!" said Obstinate. "Who knows where such a brain-sick fellow will lead one. You had better be wise and listen to me."

"No; I think I will cast in my lot with Christian here. But do you know the way, Christian?"

"I was directed by a man named Evangelist, to follow in this way until I came to a little wicket-gate, and there, I was told, I would receive direction as to the future way."

"Then let us be going," said Pliable.

"I will go back to my own city," said Obstinate. "I will be no companion to such wretched fanatics."

Then I thought that Obstinate turned back, but that Christian and Pliable went on their way, and as they went they talked confidentially together.

"I am so glad," said Christian, "that you were persuaded to come with me. I am sure if Obstinate felt this burden pressing down continually, and realized the horrors awaiting the destruction of those laden with sin, as I do, he too would have been glad to have sought for better things."

"But now we are alone, tell me more of these better things that you are so sure are in wait for those that seek them," said Pliable.

"I can better picture them to my mind than speak of them," said Christian; "but I can read of them here in my book."

"Are you sure the book is true?" asked Pliable.

"Yes, for it is God's word."

"Well, what are the things spoken of," said Pliable.

"There is a kingdom to be inhabited, and a life that is eternal to be given us."

"And what else?"

"There are crowns of glory, and garments that will make us shine like the sun."

"And what else is there to be known about this fair country?" said Pliable.

"There will be no more crying, nor sorrow; for he that is owner of the city will wipe all tears from our eyes."

"And what company will be ours there?"

"Creatures that will dazzle our eyes to look upon; and we shall meet there thousands and tens of thousands of those who have gone before, over the same way we are upon now; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance forever."

"But how shall we get to be sharers in these enjoyable things?"

"The Lord, the Governor of this place will. I am told in this book, bestow it freely upon us if we follow on after him."

"Well, then, let us hasten on," said Pliable.

"I can not go as fast as I would, on account of this load of sin upon my back," said Christian. "Oh! that I might have it taken from me!" and now a great sadness began to take possession of him.

Now, I saw in my dream that just as they had ended this talk, they began to sink in a miry slough. Had they looked closely and consulted God's word, that Christian held in his hand, they would have seen promises, which like steps would have helped them through this place, which was called the Slough of Despond, but being heedless, they went on and were soon in the very midst of it.

"Ah! Christian, where are we now?" cried Pliable, dolefully.

"Truly I do not know," said Christian, meekly.

At this Pliable was offended, and angrily said:

"If we have such trouble as this at the beginning, what may we expect farther on. If this is the happiness you were telling me of you are welcome to it. If I ever get out with my life you can have the brave country."

With this Pliable made a great effort, and reached the bank nearest his own home, and off he started, and Christian saw him no more. Left alone, Christian kept constantly trying to make his way a little nearer to the further bank. He had no idea of doing as had Pliable—go back home again—but bravely struggled on. Just here, I thought, that one whose name was Help drew near to the slough, and seeing Christian, asked what he was doing there.

"I was directed to go this way to find a wicket-gate. A man called Evangelist told me that thus I could escape the wrath to come, but as I was walking along I fell in here, and now the burden upon my back presses me down so that I can not get out."

"Why did you not look for the steps, they would have borne you up?" asked Help.

"Fear followed me so, that I was in haste to get on."

"Give me your hand," said Help.



King's grounds, and ~~why it was~~ not repaired if, as had been said, this was the direct way to the wicket-gate, which opened upon the way of life.

Then I thought that Help answered that it was not the wish of the Governor of the way that the place should continue so bad, and that cart load upon cart load of good instruction had been carted there, which was said to make the very firmest of footing, but that the Slough of Despond had swallowed them up and was none the better for it. "But," continued Help, "there are steps, called promises, that will help one across the place, if only people would remember them; but, like Christian, the most grow heedless and forget them at the very time that they are in need of them."

I thought that by this time Pliable had reached home,



and the neighbors gathered round him to hear what account he had to give. Some, when they heard what he had to tell them, said he was a wise man to turn back as he did; others, that they would have kept on if once they had been fool enough to have started. And midst it all Pliable found he had no very enviable position among his old friends; talking of Pliable to make fun of poor Christian, which they seemed to take great delight in doing now that his back was turned upon them.

Now, as Christian was walking on again by himself, I thought that a man crossed over from the field to speak with him. This was a Mr. Worldly Wiseman from the town of Policy, a very large and influential city, and not far from the one Christian had come from. This Mr. Wiseman had heard of Christian's having started out in a new way, for it had become quite the talk of that region of country, but he said nothing of this when he came up with Christian, but in a bland voice asked:

"Whither away, my good fellow, with such a load as that upon your back?"

"It is a load, and no mistake," Christian answered, "and one there can be found no pleasure in carrying. I am on my way to yonder wicket-gate, where I am told, I shall be directed how I may get rid of my burden."

"Have you a wife and children?" asked Mr. Wiseman.

"Yes, but I can take no comfort with them on account of this, my load, and I feel that I must make it my first object in life to get myself free."

"Will you hearken to me if I will tell you of a way?" said Mr. Wiseman.

"Yes, if it is a good one," answered Christian. "I stand in need of good counsel."

"I agree with you that the first thing to do is for you to get free of this burden of sin, for you can not enjoy the benefits of life while you are thus borne down."

"But how do you advise my getting free?" asked Christian.

"First let me ask," continued Mr. Wiseman, "who was it told you of this way?"

"One who seemed to me to be a very trustworthy person. His name was Evangelist."

"Very poor counsel he seems to have given you nevertheless, judging from your present appearance, for you are covered from head to foot with dirt from the Slough of Despond. This I assure you, though, you will find only the beginning of your troubles if you persist in continuing in this way. Listen to me, I am older than you. The way you are following now will lead you into want, dangers of all kinds, and even into death. I have been told this time and again by those who know; and why should a man carelessly cast himself away by giving heed to a stranger, as you are, according to your own account, have done?"

"But, my dear sir," answered Christian, "what you tell me of the dangers of the way has little effect upon me, for I can tell you, this burden that I am chained to is by far more terrible to me than all the things you have mentioned. I would be willing to encounter all you have mentioned, and more, if but for one moment I could be free from it."

"But, pray, how came you first by the burden?" asked Mr. Wiseman.

"By reading out of this book that is in my hand, that told me what a sinner I really was," said Christian.

"I thought as much!" said Mr. Wiseman. "The same has happened to others who, like you, must meddle with what they have no business with—things that are too high for their weak brain—and afterwards they run about seeking they do not know what."

"I know what I seek," said Christian; "it is release from my burden."

"But it is a queer way you have taken to find release, amidst all these dangers. If you will but listen to me I can tell you how you can get rid of it, and in a very pleasant way, too."

"Tell me," said Christian; "I shall be only too glad to listen."

"Well, then, in the village of Morality, which is only a little way from here, lives one Legality by name—a very judicious gentleman, and one who has great skill. According to my own knowledge, he has cured many a diseased brain, and also loosened many a hard-pressing burden. Should he not be at home, you will probably find his son Civility in charge. He can do nearly as well as his father, and you will find him a pleasing and entertaining gentleman."

"Which is the way to this town of Morality?" asked Christian, eagerly, for he was in haste to be on his way.

"Do you see yonder hill called Mount Sinai?"

"Yes, very well."

"By that hill you must go. The first house you come to is Mr. Legality's."

So Christian turned out of the way Evangelist had bid him enter upon, and started for the house of Mr. Legality for help; but when he had reached the hill what was his surprise to find the side towards the road hanging so far over that it filled him with fear to think of going under it. There



also came fire out of the hill, whose flame nearly touched him. While he stood fearing that if he ventured farther it would fall upon him, and not knowing what next to do, his burden seemed to settle down upon him heavier and heavier, until he was well-nigh crushed by it. And now he began to regret having taken Mr. Worldly

Wiseman's counsel. As he stood thus, who should he see approaching but Evangelist.

"What are you doing here, Christian?" he asked, with something of a reproachful look. Christian knew not what answer to make, and for a moment stood speechless. Then said Evangelist: "Are not you the man I found outside the City of Destruction crying how you might be saved?"

"I am the man," said Christian, faintly.

"How does it come about that you have so quickly turned from the straight way I pointed out to you?" said Evangelist.

"As soon as I was out of the Slough of Despond I met a gentleman, who persuaded me to come this way instead, saying that it was much the easier way to get rid of my burden; so I believed him and turned out of that way into this, to go in search of the man he told me of, who had great skill in taking off such burdens as mine."



Then said Evangelist:

"Stand quiet, that I may show you the Word of God." So Christian stood trembling while his companion said: "Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him."

Then Evangelist went on to explain to Christian how he had attempted to save himself, and had entered upon the right way, but now, having drawn back, he had endangered his welfare.

Then Christian fell down before Evangelist, crying—

"Woe is me, for I am undone!"

At sight of Christian's sorrow and evident repentance of what had been done, Evangelist stretched out his hand and said:

"All manner of sins shall be forgiven men when truly they repent of them. 'Be not faithless, but believing.'"

Then Christian rose and stood tremblingly before Evangelist, who went on to say—

"You must take more earnest heed to what I tell you. The man who misled you I know well. He is one Worldly Wiseman by name, and most rightly is he named. The doctrines that are taught at the town of Morality he likes, because they save him from many things that seem a cross to him in his worldly-mindedness. He would seek the Celestial City by other ways than the true one. There are many things about this Mr. Worldly Wiseman that you should abhor now that your name is Christian. First, you

should resent his turning you from the right way. The Lord says, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate'—the gate to which I sent you—so when a Mr. Worldly Wiseman counsels you to slight the word of your Lord, you should resent it. You should also abhor yourself for having given ear to such counsel. Again, he strove to turn you away from the cross which Christ bore, and which we must look upon if we would have our burden of sin taken from us. Only by the way of the Cross can we find eternal life, and men have no right to speak slightly of the way that Christ himself has bidden us to walk in. The man, Mr. Legality, has never taken a real load of sin from off any one, for the law of man can not do that. Mr. Legality may do some things well, but when he attempts to take the place of Christianity he is a cheat, and his son Civility is but a trifle better in this line, being full of hypocrisy. Believe me, there is nothing in all you have heard of these men but a well-laid plan to beguile you from your salvation by leading you from the straight way I had placed you in. You should not have been led so easily by them, and you have much to repent of."

"I do repent," said Christian, sorrowfully, "and now I wonder that I should have been so easily turned aside after having made so firm a start at the beginning. May I hope, if I retrace my steps and enter again the right way, that when the gate is reached I shall be admitted?"

"The keeper has naught but good-will to all," answered Evangelist. "Though you have wandered and made a crooked walk, yet will he give you welcome."

Then Christian grew strong of heart, and after taking a kind farewell of Evangelist, and thanking him for his interest in him, he went swiftly back, with Evangelist's "God-speed" ringing in his ears.

Of no one whom he passed did Christian again take counsel, but he went swiftly forward, like one who felt himself to be upon forbidden ground, and longed to be in a safer way. At last he entered again upon the way he had turned from to follow after Mr. Worldly Wiseman's words, and after a while he reached the wicket gate at which he was to knock for admittance into the sacred way that led to the Celestial City. A grave sort of person opened the gate in answer to his call. His name was Good-will.

"Whom have we here?" he asked kindly, as his eye fell upon Christian.

"A poor, burdened sinner," answered Christian, "who has left his home in the City of Destruction to enter upon the one leading to Mount Zion. I trust you are willing to let me in."

"I am that, with all my heart," answered Good-will; and with that he opened the gate.

Christian stepped in. As he did so Good-will pulled him a little to one side.

"Why was that?" he asked.

"Because at a little distance from this gate is a castle of our enemy Beelzebub, and from there they are continually sending over arrows of the evil one, hoping that they may succeed in hitting some one as they enter this new way."

"It would seem the way was never safe," said Christian. "but that we must go tremblingly forward, trusting and hoping."

"Yes," answered Good-will; "but who sent you this way?"

"Evangelist, who said that here I should be told more of what was before me."

"You have now entered upon the way to life—the true life; the gate has swung back, and thus has a door opened to you that no man can shut against you," said Good-will.

"Now I seem to be reaping the gain of all that I have risked and turned from," said Christian, joyfully.

"But how is it that you come alone?" asked Good-will.

"Because I could make none of my friends, neither my wife nor any of my children see their lost condition in that worldly city, as I saw it," answered Christian.

"But what did they do when they saw you were forsaking them?"

"They called and begged of me to return; but even though I loved them, I dared not listen to them, but ran as for dear life. Two of my neighbors ran to persuade me to desist—Obstinate, and one named Pliable—but when they saw I would not hear to them, Obstinate returned, but Pliable

kept on for awhile with me, but, soon falling into the slough of Despond, he became discouraged, and returned."

"Poor man!" said Good-will; "he little knows what celestial glories are in wait, or he would count such trials of small account."

"Though I have spoken only the truth of my old friend, Pliable," said Christian, a little confusedly, "I fear I have led you to think that I came straight here, whereas I turned from the way and made a very crooked walk of it, being foolish enough to give heed to Mr. Worldly Wiseman."

"Oh! did he light upon you?" said Goodwill. "He wanted you to seek for ease at the hands of Mr. Legality, I suppose."

"Yes, and I even set out upon the road to his house."

"And what turned you back into the right way?" asked Good-will.

"I dared not go farther when I saw the frowning mountain, and while I stood in trouble, good Evangelist came to my help again. You see I am a very unworthy one to enter here, but oh! I cannot tell the joy I feel at being here."

"Whoever knocks at this gate finds entrance, no matter how crooked a way he has come to get here. But, Christian, look at the way that you must now go—the one that is in front of you; it is the one which was laid out by Christ as the only one, and see, it is as straight as a rule can make it."

"But is there no turn or bend by which one who knows not the road may lose his way?" asked Christian.

"There are a few paths that lead down to it, but by this may you know them—the wrong ones, they are wide, while the true one is narrow and straight." Then I thought in my dream that Christian asked—

"Could you not help me off with this load, good friend?"

"You must bear it, Christian, until you come to the place Deliverance, and then it will fall from you with no effort of your own. But that place is further on."

Then Christian prepared to set out at once upon the road before him, at which Good-will said:

"When you have gone some distance from the gate you will come to the house of Mr. Interpreter, at whose door you must knock, and he will show you some things that it will be well for you to know."

Then Christian took his leave, and passed on his way till he came to the house spoken of. Here he knocked several times, and at last some one called—

"Who's there?"

"A traveler who was told to call upon the good man of the house for his profit. I would speak with the master of the house," said Christian.

In a little while Mr. Interpreter came and said:

"Who are you?"

"I am one," said Christian, "who came from the City of Destruction, and am anxious to reach Mount Zion. I was told that if I called here you would show me things that would prove of help to me upon my journey."

Then said Interpreter—

"Come in. I will gladly show you all that I can that will be of use to you."

Then he told a man near to light a candle, after which he bade Christian follow him. He then led the way to a room upon the wall of which hung a picture of one who had a very grave face, whose eyes were cast towards heaven, while the best of books was in his hands, the law of truth written upon his lips, and the world placed behind him. He stood as though he would plead with men, and a crown of gold was suspended just above his head.

"What does this mean?" asked Christian.

"I have shown you first your guide. Look at him well, so that, should you meet with those who should tell you that you do not know whom you are following, you will know to the contrary. See, the only one who is given us as a guide stands with the world placed back of him, his gaze is heavenward, his attitude that of loving appeal to the ones who are constantly sinning against him; truth, and truth alone, finds place upon his lips; and see, awaiting him is a crown immortal. So shall it be with those who follow on after him."

Then he took Christian into a large room covered with dust, and he told a man near to commence sweeping; but when he did so the dust began flying in such clouds as to choke Christian, and Interpreter said to a maid that was nigh—

"Haste to bring water here and sprinkle this floor."

After this it was swept and cleansed without further trouble.

"And what means this?" asked Christian.

"This room is like the heart of a man before the grace of God enters it. The dust is like the sin that soils the whole



inner man. He who attempted the cleansing first is Law, but she who followed so much more successfully is Gospel. Law stirs up, but Gospel does more—moistens and lays sin low, so that it may be taken up and carried out, and the heart be no more defiled with it."

Then I thought in my dream that Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a little room where sat two children. One seemed discontented and restless, but the other was very quiet and serene.

"This is Passion," said Interpreter, laying his hand upon the first, "and this Patience."

"And why is Passion so full of discontent?" asked Christian.

"Because," answered Interpreter, "the Governor of this place thinks it to be the better way to keep some of the best things until he is of an age to fully appreciate them. But this, Passion does not like. Patience is quit content, but the other is bound to have all of his life now."



Just here, I thought that one came to Passion and poured down a heap of treasures, more than he knew what to do with. But he grabbed at them eagerly, and then laughed merrily at Patience for being so silly as to wait.

Then Christian said, turning to Interpreter "Will you please explain this too."

"These two," said his companion, "represent the men of this world: Patience, the ones who are willing to be guided and to wait the natural order of things, trusting the future to One who is wiser. But Passion is like those who will have all now, saving nothing for the time to come. But see, he has already tired of what he has, and he is calling it of no account and is throwing it away. Soon he will have nothing left, and life will have been swept bare."

"And then it will be Patience's time to laugh, I should think" said Christian.

"You are right. He has his portion now, but being in too much haste to take time to enjoy it, it is wasted, and there is nothing more to come."

Then I thought in my dream that Christian was led into a place where a fire was burning against a wall, and one stood high pouring water upon the flame as though to quench it, but it would not be quenched. But for all his efforts it burnt hotter and hotter.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Christian, as they stood seeing the flame leap higher and higher.

"This fire represents the work of grace in our hearts," answered Interpreter. "The devil is constantly at work like as you see this man, trying to extinguish the spark of grace he finds within us, but for all his effort the flame burns clearer and brighter. I will now show you how the flame is kept burning."

Then he led Christian to the back-side of the wall where was found a man with a bottle of oil in his hand, out of which he constantly poured, sending the oil upon the flame.

"This shows," said Interpreter, "how Christ is constantly renewing his grace in our hearts, though often we can no more see that such is the case, or that he is helping us withstand the efforts of the evil one, than we could see upon the other side of this wall, how the flame was being fed continually."

Then Interpreter led Christian into a pleasant place where stood a beautiful palace, beyond the entrance and upon the top of which people clothed in such dress as made Christian's eyes dazzle to look at, were walking to and fro as though enjoying themselves greatly.

"Can I too, go in there?" asked Christian eagerly.

Interpreter at this led him to the door of the palace.

Here, Christian saw a man sitting at a table where rested ink and paper, as though the names of those who entered there were written down. But what was Christian's surprise to see the entrance of the palace guarded by armed men, who looked as though they intended to resist any who should attempt to enter.

While Christian stood thus, a man came boldly forward and said, "You can set down my name, sir."

Then he proceeded to put a helmet upon his head, and to examine closely a sword that rested at his side. Then he



made a rush at the men guarding the door-way. They resisted him fiercely, but apparently he was not in the least discouraged, and at last the ones barring the way fell back and he passed in, and soon Christian saw him walking with the others clothed in the same bright garments, while soft voices from among those he had joined chanted:

"Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

Then Christian smiled and said, "I think I know the meaning of this last. But had I better not now be going on my way?"

"Stay," said Interpreter, "until I have shown you more."

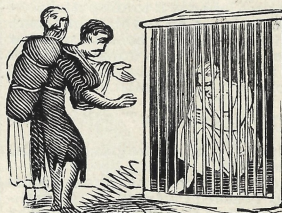
Then he took him into a very dark room, where sat a man in an iron cage. The man's eyes were fixed upon the ground, and his whole attitude was one of complete hopelessness.

"Who is this?" asked Christian.

"Ask the man himself," said his companion.

"Who are you?" said Christian, turning to the man.

"One who once had a prospect of eventually walking the streets of the Celestial City," answered the man mournfully; "but I trifled away my time. I made company with those who so hardened my heart by sin, that the Holy Spirit had no



power over me; now my despair shuts me in as you see like an iron cage."

"But the blessed Christ is very pitiful," answered Christian sympathetically.

"Yes, but I sent him from me. I would not open my heart to him. I let the sinful pleasures of this world take full possession of me,

not realizing how they were hardening my heart and taking my hope of heaven from me. My time is gone! There is now no hope."

Then said Interpreter as they turned away, "Let the remembrance of this man's misery be a caution to you. Now let me show you one thing more, and then you must be gone."

Then he took Christian into a chamber where was one just rising from slumber, but who was trembling as though in fear at something.

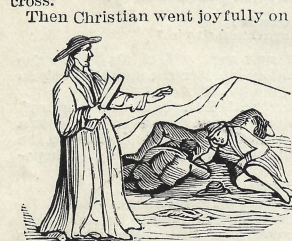
"Tell this stranger here the reason for the fear you seem to feel," said Interpreter, turning to him.

"When I sleep I see flames of fire as though the heavens were on fire; and I hear voices crying, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment.' And then I quake with terror, for I am not ready to be judged. My conscience awakens to all that I have done in the past, and tells me that I am not ready,

and then it is that in my sleep I seem to see the accusing eye of the Judge fixed upon me, and I start out of my sleep as you see, tired and trembling."

"Well," said Interpreter, as Christian began to make preparations towards going on his journey, "keep all these things in your heart. Let them quicken you in the race you have entered upon; and may the Comforter be always with you to guide and cheer you." And thus Christian at last passed on his way.

Now, I thought that the road upon which he entered was fenced in with a high wall called Salvation. For awhile Christian tried to make great speed, but the burden weighing him down, kept him from making very rapid progress. At last he came to a little elevation upon which stood a rude cross, at the foot of which was an open sepulchre. With loving awe Christian drew near, and gazed upon the cross, and as he stood thus, seeming to see alone the Christ that once hung there, I thought the burden of sin that he had for so long a time carried with him became loosed from his shoulders, and rolling off was swallowed up in the grave beyond. As he felt his shoulders lightened, tears rolled down his cheeks, and his heart was as tender as a little child's. As he stood weeping, yet rejoicing, three shining ones came to him and said, "Peace be with thee; thy sins be forgiven thee." Then they took from off him his soiled, ragged garments, and dressed him in an embroidered suit, placing in his forehead a mark, and giving to him a roll with a seal upon it, which they said he was to look at as he went, and to hand in at the celestial gate as evidence that he had lost his sin at the foot of the cross.



Then Christian went joyfully on his way. After this he kept quietly on until he came to a dell, where, a little to one side, he found three men fast asleep. The names of these men were Simple, Sloth and Presumption. Christian awakened them, though it was a hard thing to do; but when he had accomplished it, telling them there were dangers to those

who slept thus by the highway. Simple said, "I don't see the danger." and Sloth answered, "Yet a little more sleep," while Presumption exclaimed, "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom;" and all three laid down to sleep again.

It troubled Christian as he went on to think that there should be any who would give so little heed to words of kindly warning. As he was walking along, thinking, he saw two men tumbling over the wall on the left hand of the narrow way. The name of one was Formalist, of the other Hypocrite.

"Where are you come from, gentlemen?" asked Christian.

"From the land of Vain-glory, and we are going to praise at Mount Zion," said Formalist.

"And why, then, did you not come in at the strait gate at the entrance of this way?" asked Christian. "It is written in my book here that 'He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.'"

"It is not thought so by our countrymen," answered one of the men. "That way is too roundabout; folks from our way make a shorter cut of it than that."

"But should we so lightly hold what has been told us by the Lord of this country?" asked Christian.

"As to that," answered Formalist, "you had not better trouble yourself too much about us."

"If we are wrong," said the other, "there are plenty to keep us company."

"But will that fact make the thing right, or make it according to law?" asked Christian.

"Custom is law nowadays," said one of the others; "and as to the difference between us, where is it? You are in the way, and we are in the way now. How is one better off at this minute than the other?"

"Well, I prefer to walk by the rule that has been laid

down for me," said Christian; and then the three went on but they had little to say to one another.

"At last there rose before them a hill called Difficulty, at the foot of which ran a spring. At this point two ways went out—one to the right and the other to the left; but Christian saw that the one he was upon went straight up the hill. At the Spring of Life Christian paused and took a long, refreshing drink, and then passed on his way. When the others came to the foot of the hill and saw how steep and high it was, they were not inclined to follow on after Christian, but instead examined the roads branching off, and finally taking it for granted that all three would come together again on the other side of the hill, they decided to take them instead of the hard-looking one they were then upon; so one turned into the way called Danger, and soon found himself surrounded by a dark wood, while the other entered the road of Destruction, and soon was in a wide field full of dark mountains, where, after stumbling about for a long time, he perished. When I again looked, I saw that Christian was keeping on straight up the mountain, but the way had now become so steep and narrow and filled with pitfalls that he was often obliged to climb along upon hands and knees. But when about half-way up the mountain, what was his surprise to come upon a beautiful arbor. This had been placed there that those of the King's followers who faithfully kept in the right way should find means of resting and refreshing themselves. Here Christian sat down, and, taking out his scroll, began to read, after which he examined with no small amount of pleasure, mixed, I was sorry to see, with a little pride, the fine garments that the Shining Ones had dressed him in at the foot of the cross. Until now he had been so taken up with his toilsome journey and engrossed with eager desire to get on, that he had given but little heed to how he looked. Occupied in this way, Christian sat much longer than was necessary for his



refreshment, until, in fact, laziness took possession of him, and he sank into a deep sleep. From this sleep, after several hours, he was awakened by seeming to hear, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." With this he started up and hastened guiltily on his way. When at last he reached the top of the hill, there came two men running towards him.

The name of one was Timorous, and the other Mr. Trust.

"You are running the wrong way," said Christian.

"No, we're not," answered Timorous. "We were going to the City of Zion, and had succeeded in getting up this difficult place, but the further we go the more dangers we meet; and we have determined to turn back."

"Yes," said Mr. Trust, "there are two lions on beyond a ways. Whether they are awake or not we do not know, but we do not choose to be torn in pieces."

"You fill me with fear too," said Christian; "but yet what better is it going back? Destruction awaits us there; and though it may await us as well if we keep on, we in that case have the hope of better things. To go back is death; to go forward is fear of death, with hope of a life everlasting beyond. I think I must keep on."

So Mr. Trust and Timorous ran on down the hill and Christian kept on his way; but fearing that he had made a mistake, and wishing to be made quite sure to the contrary, he stopped and felt for his scroll, thinking to examine what it said, but to his surprise he found that he had lost it. Carefully he searched, but he could not find it. How was the Celestial City to be entered, even if it was ever reached, without the missing evidence that he had come the right way? Then it came to him how he had fallen asleep while viewing himself at the arbor, and how the roll was at the time in his hand. Had some one taken it from him, or had his hold upon it become loosened by sleep and it slipped from him, and how was he to know? Humbly he bowed before his God and asked to be forgiven for his carelessness, when intrusted with such precious things, and then begged for direction for the future. There seemed to be no way but for him to retrace his steps and seek for that which he had lost, and which was of so much importance. Looking on this way and that, he went, but not until the arbor was again reached was the roll found. There, down behind the bench upon which he had lain, he found it. Gladly he clasped it once more, and turned again upon his way; but now the shadows had begun to fall, and to his mind came the stories that

Timorous and Mistrust had told him of lions being in wait for him. With fear and trembling he kept on, however. At last, lifting up his eyes, he saw rising before him the Palace Beautiful, but even at the same instant, he caught sight of two lions waiting as though ready to spring upon him as soon as he should be in reach. Christian, at this, drew back in alarm, but the porter of the lodge, named Watchful, seeing him, and that he had drawn back, said, "Is thy strength then so small? Fear not: the lions are but a trial of thy faith. They are he'd in check by the Mighty One; they will not harm you if you but press steadily forward." Full of fear, but still possessing hope, Christian went on, and though he heard the roar of the lions, they did him no harm; and at last he stood by the porter's side.



"Sir, what house is this?" he asked.
 "The Palace Beautiful, placed here for the accommodation of the Lord's pilgrims. Where are you from?"
 "From the City of Destruction, and I am going to Mount Zion."

"But why are you come so late? What has happened to you? The sun is now set."

"I forgot to watch, and foolishly fell asleep, and thus I lost the evidence that I was a real pilgrim, and was obliged to go back for it."

"Well, I will call to the maid Discretion, who keeps this house, and, if she likes you and has confidence in you, she will admit you. This is our general custom," said Watchful.

So he called a lovely girl, who, when she came, asked Christian several questions as to his name, his former home and his hopes.

"I feel great interest in and sympathy for you," she said, and tears stood in her eyes; "but let me call to Prudence, Piety and Charity; they will help me to decide."

So she called three others, who, after talking for awhile with Christian, said:

"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord."

And Christian passed in. While the evening meal was being prepared, Piety, Prudence and Charity talked with him quietly.

"Have you a wife and children?" asked Charity.

"I have," he answered.

"And why did you not bring them with you?"

At this Christian broke into tears, and said, sorrowfully:

"Gladly would I have done so, but they would not come."

"And did you pray for them and seek to persuade them?" asked Charity, kindly.

"That I did, for they were very dear to me," answered Christian, brokenly.

"And what made you first decide to start upon this way?" asked Prudence.

"The hope of one day seeing the Savior who died upon the cross that I might live," answered Christian.

Thus they talked together until, the evening meal being through and the hour for rest at hand, Christian was shown to the Chamber of Peace that opened toward the east. Here he slept until the sun rose clear and beautiful. That day he was kept busy by various ones of the household taking him among ancient records of the King's family, where were recorded brave acts of those who had passed on before, and the worthy deeds that they had accomplished. In this way his heart was strengthened. Upon the second day they showed him the armory, where were all sorts of shields, helmets and breast-plates, together with shoes that would not wear out, and weapons with which valiant ones in times past had fought and accomplished wonderful things. There were also Moses' rod, the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera, and the pitchforks, trumpets and lamps with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian.

With these things Christian was delighted. The third day he thought best to continue upon his journey, but they told him to stay still another day, that they might show him the Delectable Mountains that were in advance of him, as they were visible from this point. Taking him then to still another point, they bid him look to the south, and there before him was stretched a beautiful mountainous country filled with woods, green glades and running streams. This they told him was Immanuel's Land—common ground to

all pilgrims. When he had reached it, they told him, he could see the gates of the Celestial City, which any of the shepherds would point out to him. Christian was much cheered by this view of the land he hoped soon to reach, and he expressed his wish to be gone at once. This they gave consent to, but took him first to the armory, where they clothed him from head to foot with a strong coat of mail, that he might be able to withstand any assaults he might meet with upon the way. While he was at the gate he asked the porter if he had seen any pilgrims pass.

"Yes, one," he answered.

"Did you know him?" asked Christian.

"He said his name was Faithful," answered the porter.

"Oh," said Christian, "I know him; he is one of my townsmen. How far do you think he is by this?"

"Below the hill, I am sure."

As Christian passed on, Discretion, Piety, Charity and Prudence insisted on accompanying him a ways, so they all went on together. When they reached the crown of the hill Christian said:

"If it was difficult coming up, it certainly looks the same to go down."

"Yes," said Prudence; "it is the Valley of Humiliation, and from such a high point of success as this it is hard to be reached, and that is why we came with you, that we might keep you, as far as possible, from slipping."

Carefully Christian and his kind companions went down, but with all their care he caught a slip or two.

At the foot of the hill they gave him fruit and bread to take him on his way, and then they turned back. But now the valley grew full of shadows as its deeper recesses were reached, and all at once Christian saw a foul fiend coming to meet him. Then he was frightened, and he felt inclined to run back; but suddenly he remembered that no armor had been given him for his back, and that, should he run, it would probably be worse for him than for him to stand his ground. So he kept as boldly on as possible. He saw now that the monster was hideous, with great scales of pride hanging from him; he had wings like a dragon and feet like a bear, and out of his mouth came fire and smoke.

As he drew near to Christian he cried, disdainfully:

"And who are you, and whence come you, and whither are you going?"

"My name is Christian; I am from the City of Destruction, and on my way to the City of Zion," answered Christian.

"Then you are one of my subjects, for all the country lying around that city is mine. I am Apollyon, prince and god of all that region. How is it that you have run away from me? Were it not that I hope to make you of service to me I would strike you to the ground."

"I was, I acknowledge, born in your country," said Christian, "but your service was distasteful to me, and as to wages, I could not live upon what you gave me, for the wages of sin is death: so I thought I would try to do better."

"There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects," answered Apollyon, "and neither will I lose mine." Then changing his tone to one more pleasing, he said: "Be content now to go back; what our country can afford I will promise to give you."

"But I have entered upon the service of another, even the King of princes," said Christian, "and I can no go back."

"It is not uncommon for those who have started out to serve Christ to turn back to me again, and you can do the same," said Apollyon.

"I will not turn again to your corrupt and sinful service," said Christian. "I like this country; I am Christ's wholly, and I will continue in his way."

"You are very bold in your avowal to serve him now," said Apollyon, "but you have made pret' hard work serving him in days past it would seem, and a crooked walk you have made getting thus far on his road," and he laughed mockingly.

"How have I been so very unfaithful?" asked Christian.
 "Did you not faint at the very start when the Gulf of Despond rose up around you? Did you not seek unlawful ways of being rid of the burden your own sin had fastened upon you, instead of waiting trustfully until your Prince saw best to loosen it? Did you not let sleep and laziness overcome



you in the arbor, and, instead of taking just that amount of rest that was necessary, grow careless, and thus lose the roll you had been charged to keep safe hold upon? And is there not a goodly mixture of vain glory in the way you speak and think of yourself now?"

"To some extent what you say is true," answered Christian, humbly, "but where I have been conscious of committing sin I have repented of it, and the Prince I serve now hears when we tell him of our repentance and sorrow, and helps us to start anew."

Then I thought Apollyon broke into fearful anger, and exclaimed:

"I hate your Prince! I hate all who serve him! I am an enemy to all such, and I am come out even now to bar your further progress."

And with this he stretched his great form clear across the narrow way, completely blockading it, and cast forth fiery darts at Christian as thick as hail. Christian then drew his sword and began to fight bravely for the right and the Prince

he loved so well. Some of Apollyon's darts wounded him fearfully, but he kept on, determined not to surrender himself to the evil one even if he died for it. During this combat Apollyon's roar was like a dragon's, and from his mouth issued smoke and flame. But as he was about to draw what he thought would be the last blow necessary, Christian nimbly gave him a deadly thrust which made him fall back. Seeing his success, Christian gathered up strength and made another dive at him, shouting, "In all things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us," and with that Apollyon seemed struck with fear, and spreading his dragon-like wings, sped away.

Then Christian fell upon his knees and gave thanks for his deliverance. I thought, as he lay sorely feeling his wounds, that a hand was reached out to him with some leaves of the tree of life, which, taking and binding upon his wounds, gave him relief at once.

After he had eaten of the bread and fruit that had been given to him at the entrance of the valley, he rose and passed on through the whole Valley of Humiliation; but at the end of this one he came to another called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This was a solitary place—one which Jeremiah of old called "a wilderness, a land of deserts and of pits, a land that no man (but a Christian) can pass through." As the shadows first touched Christian, there met him two men, children of the family who carry about evil reports from place to place.

"Back, back!" they cried, "if either your peace or life are worth saving."

"But why?" asked Christian; "what have you seen?"

"Enough! all that we care for of that place. We were going, as are you, to the Celestial City, but if it leads through there, you can have it for all of us."

"But what have you seen?"

"What have we not seen, you had better ask. The valley is full of hobgoblins and dragons, of pitfalls and midnight darkness."

"But it is the way we were directed to keep on in. There was to be no turning out, I was told."

"Well, we will be only too glad to turn out and leave the whole of it to you, but remember we warned you," and so the men passed one way and Christian the other.

As soon as the borders of the valley were passed, Christian found that upon one hand was a deep ditch and upon the other



a treacherous quagmire; and what made getting along still more difficult, darkness began to shut him in so that he could see but one step at a time. He walked on with his sword drawn, not knowing at what moment he might meet with another dragon like Apollyon; but as the fire and smoke and hideous

using this every moment he passed on his way; but his

heart felt discouraged and bowed down with its weight of fear and apprehension. But just at this time he thought he heard a soft, sweet voice a little way ahead of him, and, listening, he heard, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Then his heart kindled with joy, for he knew there was some one in the valley who, like himself, believed in God and the Prince of peace. He now quickened his steps, hoping to overtake the one ahead, but though he called loudly he could not make him hear, and evidently the one walking in advance thought he was alone also in the gloomy place, and he kept continually repeating passages of Scripture, as though to keep his courage up.

When morning came, Christian turned and looked back to see what dangers he had passed, and he was surprised to see how very narrow the way was that he had passed over, and he shuddered as his eye fell upon the quaking bog and the deep, yawning gulf. As the light grew stronger he saw more than ever how necessary it was to walk relying on other strength than his own, and he called continually to God for help. As he neared the end of the valley, he saw strewn around bones and bodies of men who had been slain in times past, and sitting at the mouth of a cave were two giants named Pagan and Pope. Now Pagan had been dead many years, but this Christian did not know; but it had been by his power and that of the giant Pope that those lying around had, in ages past, been cruelly put to death. But though the giant Pope was yet alive, he was chained, so he could not stir from that spot; but as Christian passed by he growled out, "There's another that ought to be burned, the heretic!"

A little beyond this Christian came to a slight eminence, at the top of which he could see quite a way ahead, and, looking eagerly, he saw, but a little in advance of him, his old friend Faithful, who had passed by the porter's lodge at the Palace Beautiful just before him.

"Hold on there," cried Christian, shouting with all his might.

Faithful glanced back, but did not stop, but, keeping steadily on his way, shouted back—

"I am on the road of life; no time to stop here."

At this Christian made a great exertion and ran with all his might, and soon not only caught up with Faithful, but shot by him, and so the last became first. This so filled



Christian with pompous vanity that he took less heed of where he was stepping, and so, stumbling, he fell heavily to the ground. Faithful, coming along up, helped him to his feet again, and then the two walked on together.

"I am very glad to have your company,"

said Christian, "for I am sure, pursuing the same road, we shall be congenial companions."

"You got so much the start of me," said Faithful, "that I hardly expected to overtake you."

"And how long after I left the city were you making up your mind the same way?" asked Christian.

"Well, before even you left I had thought about starting, and after you went there was a great deal of talk about the matter, and I became so convinced that our city would eventually be destroyed that I started out, thinking I should never know peace until I did."

"And Pliable got back, did he?"

"Yes."

"And what did the neighbors say about him?"

"Well, the report was that he followed you as long as the way was pleasant, but when he reached the Slough of Despond he turned back home. Some said that he actually fell in, but Pliable never admitted such was the case; but I noticed that by some means he was pretty well smeared with dirt when he got back."

"And how does he get along nowadays?" asked Christian.

"Has rather a hard time of making people feel much confidence in him. Since he turned back, somehow, it seems worse with him than before he started; people call him Turn-coat, and all that."

"Did you have any talk with him before you came off?"

"No. Just before I started I saw him on the opposite side of the street, but he looked sheepish, and as though he did not care to hear anything from me upon the subject."

"Well, I had considerable hopes of him when I first started out. But how have you fared in this new way? I suppose you, like myself, have met with some mishaps," said Christian.

"Yes; but I escaped the Slough of Despond that I understand you fell into. But I met with an old man called Adam the First, who nearly got me out of the way."

"How so?" asked Christian.

"He wanted I should go home with him, and offered if I would to make me an heir of his estate; and I was quite of



a mind to do so, one while; but even as I looked at him there came out upon his forehead plainly the words, 'Put off the old man and his deeds,' and then I concluded that what he had promised was probably a lie, and that if he once got me home he would sell me for a slave; so I told him to hold talking with me, that I chose to keep on my own way; and then how mad he was! He scoffed at me, and told me that I could keep on, but that I would hear from him again. As I turned to go on, he took hold of me and gave me such a shaking that every bone shook in my body; but I got away from him. As I was going up the hill, right by the arbor there, one overtook me as swift as the wind, and, with one knock, laid me flat on my back. When I got up and asked what that was



for, he said, 'Because you secretly had an inclining towards Adam the First,' and with that he gave me another blow. I do not know but that he would have killed me if One had not passed by who, by the marks in his hands, I knew to be the Christ, and he told him to let justice give way to mercy; and in that way I got free."

"It was at that arbor I lost my evidence that I was a pilgrim of the Lord's," said Christian. "And did you not see the palace that stood just beyond?"

"Yes, but it was then so early in the day I thought it wise not to visit it, but to use my time for getting further along."

"But if you had, it would have been of profit to you. The gate-keeper said, when I was about to pass out, that one Faithful had gone by, but you were too far for me to catch up with you. Did you meet with any one in the Valley of Humility?"

"Yes, one Discontent."

"And what did he have to say?"

"He told me that if I persisted in the way I was going I should mortally offend all my old friends—Pride, Arrogance, Self-conceit, World-glory, and the like—and that they were relations of mine, and I ought not to slight their opinion; so I told him they were distant relatives of mine. To be sure, but that since I had started out on my new way they had disowned me, so it did not make any difference to me now what they thought of me."

"Did you meet with any others?"

"Yes, a man named Shame; and most wrongly is he named, for a bolder person I never met with. He said it was mean to do as I did: that only poor and ignorant folks ran after the one we were following; that refined, high-bred people had nothing whatever to do with him."

"And how did that affect you?"

"Well, I'm sorry to acknowledge that while he talked I actually began to blush to think I was called a Christian, and to try to make some excuse for having done as I had. Then it came to me that this was but one way of denying the Christ I loved so well, and I grew bolder, and at last told him to clear out, that I would serve God if I chose, and no man had a right to hinder me. And at this he took himself off."

While Christian and Faithful were thus talking, I thought in my dream that there came alongside of them a pleasant, affable man called Talkative, and he entered at once into conversation with them.



He seemed to know about everything that had ever happened to them, and all about every one that they had ever known. His manners were very engaging, and Faithful became quite taken up with him—so much so that Christian dropped behind without his noticing it.

"I am wonderfully pleased with you," said Talkative, "and I am rejoiced that I should have met with you. It helps shorten the way so, and takes away the tediousness to hold pleasant converse together."

"Yes," said Faithful, "but what do you like to talk about?"

"Oh, anything—I am not at all particular—religion, people, things, places—anything. One is as good as another to me."

At this Faithful dropped back to where Christian was walking by himself, and said:

"This seems a pleasant sort of fellow we have met with. Do you know him?"

"That I do, all that I wish to. He is from our very town, and I wonder you should not have heard of him. He is Saywell's son, and lived in Prating Row. He is always busy about other people's business, and the less you have to do with him the better it will be for you."

"But he speaks well," said Faithful, hardly willing to entertain what was evidently Christian's opinion of their new acquaintance.

"Yes, to your face; but he meddles altogether too much in other people's affairs to suit me. You will get no profit out of him."

"But he seems just as glad to talk on religious subjects as any," said Faithful.

"He seems to, but you will find that is all talk; and as to being anything of a Christian at heart, you will, in the end, find that his religion is more in the head than in the heart."

"I do not like to think so illy of him as you seem to," said Faithful.

"Well, go and try him with good, profitable conversation about his hopes and aims, and see how it turns out."

This Faithful did, and as he began pressing question after question upon Talkative, he turned in the midst of a long, flowery answer, and asked:

"But why do you bother to ask such questions as these of me?"

"Because," answered Faithful, honestly "they say that in the town where you are well known you do more harm than good to this cause of ours, and that you are more ready to talk about it than to live it in your daily life."

"Since you are so willing to believe all the evil reports that you hear," said Talkative, flushing guiltily, "it is easy to see that you and I have tastes very different from one another, and that we will be far from congenial companions; so I will bid you farewell." And with this he turned away.

"You hit, you see, and so like a coward he ran," said Christian. "But it is little loss to us; we can spare such as he very well."

The two now passed into a wilderness. When they were well-nigh through it, they saw a person approaching who looked familiar to them.

"Who is that?" asked Faithful.

"After looking intently, Christian said:

"I believe it is my old friend Evangelist."

"Then it is an old friend of mine too," said Faithful, "for it was he who pointed me to the gate."

"Welcome, welcome!" cried Christian, as soon as Evangelist was near to them; "the sight of you does me good."

"Your company is indeed refreshing to poor pilgrims like us," said Faithful.

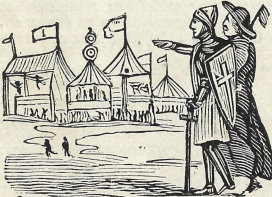
"And how goes it with you?" asked Evangelist.

Then the two told him all that had happened to them since they had seen him, and what difficulties they had met with in the way.

"I am rejoiced," said Evangelist, "not that you have met with trials, but that you have come off conquerors. I am glad both for my sake and yours. I have sown and you have reaped, and the day is coming when we shall rejoice together, that is if you hold out faithful. Let no man take your crown from you. You are not yet out of reach of the darts of the evil one, but set your face like flints and keep on. You have all power in heaven and earth on your side."

"And is there not still more, good Evangelist, that you can tell us that will help us on over this way?" asked Christian.

"Most you already know, my sons," answered Evangelist. "It is only by trials, as you have often been told, that a pilgrim can pursue his road to the Celestial City. And now as you leave this wilderness and enter the town that you will find but a little way ahead, still other temptations will be thrust upon you, and you must constantly commit your souls to God in well-doing."



Soon after Evangelist had left them, I thought they came to a town called Vanity where a fair was being held called Vanity Fair, because the things that were sold there were as light as vanity itself, and had little real worth. This fair had been prepared years ago, when it was found that

pilgrims passed through the town on their way to the Celestial City—prepared purposely as a snare to them by Beelzebub, Apollyon and others, who longed for the destruction of all such. When pilgrims passed through the town they were always gazed at curiously, their speech being so different from the worldlings, and their manner of dress being of such different pattern and cut to the gay, flimsy things these people dressed themselves in. Now when Christian and Faithful had the things sold at the fair offered to them, they saw at once how worthless they were, and one of them replied, "Away with them; we purchase only truth. Tempt us not with such baubles as these."

At this quite a crowd gathered around the two men, and derision and jeers were tossed at them from all sides; but Christian and Faithful kept patient and even cheerful, and after awhile, seeing what kind spirits and gentlemanly ways they possessed, some of the people were drawn to them, but this



enraged and made more bitter the ones upon the other side, and commotion and rioting was at once set on foot. At last Christian and Faithful were taken up as disturbers of the peace, it was said, and brought before some judges to be examined. These men asked the two who they were, and where they were going, and why they had put on such an outlandish rig. The pilgrims answered that they were quietly pursuing their way to the Heavenly City, and that their garb was the one given them by the Prince they followed, and one they had a right to wear if they saw fit; that they had done nothing in the least to mar the public peace, more than to tell some of the merchants that what they sold was of no account, and that, when asked what they would like offered them, they had replied, "We purchase only truth." But the ones examining pretended to believe



that they had tried to make a disturbance and break up the fair, and they ordered that they should be beaten. After this they were confined in a place so small as to be nothing more than a cage, but in such a public place that all who passed by could behold them. This was said to be done so as to make such an example of

them as to be a warning to others who thought they could lightly disturb the peace of the community.

But the sight of Christian and Faithful thus exposed to public gaze and derision awakened two sorts of feelings—some said it was just good enough for them; but others, seeing how cheerful and patient they were, cried out that it was a shame, and that there were those on every hand attending this fair who were more worthy to be shut up than were these two. So division was created, which exasperated the proprietors of the fair greatly, and they succeeded in getting the pilgrims beaten again, and still more closely confined. After this, another trial was given them, to see if there could be found that concerning them that would enable them to put them to death.

The judge's name was Lord Hate-good. It was brought against them that they were rioters and disturbers of the peace; that they had, by their crafty smiles, won others to their dangerous opinions, and that they held lightly all the laws of the place, so that they were not men to be tolerated. Then the judge asked if there were any witnesses, and up rose Envy, Superstition, and one Pickthank, who testified many things against them.

After these men were through with their testimonies and the judge had made a pretense of giving the prisoners a chance to speak, during which time Faithful said some things not just pleasant for these men to hear, the judge sent out the jury. This jury was composed of Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light and Mr. Implacable. All of these were bitter against the prisoners, especially against Faithful, who had sent such bold words of truth into their midst.

"Away with such a fellow," said Mr. No-good.

"Yes," said Mr. Malice, "I hate the very sight of him."

"He is a rogue," said Mr. Liar. "Hanging is none too good for him."

"So they decided that Faithful should be put to death, but that Christian might be remanded back to prison.

"It was well not to be too hasty," they said, "as it may awaken more the enmity of the other party."

So Faithful was condemned to die according to the law. He was brought out and first beaten cruelly, then stoned and hacked with knives, and finally burned at the stake.

I thought in my dream that behind the multitude on the day of Faithful's death I saw a chariot drawn by a couple of magnificent horses, and as soon as the enemies of the two pilgrims had despatched Faithful, that he was taken into it and borne away straight through the clouds, by the shortest way, to the gates of the Celestial



City, and the music of trumpets was heard far away. Soon after this Christian managed to make his escape out of the prison where he was confined, and went again upon his way. But he was not alone, for one Hopeful, who, having been converted into the belief of these followers of Christ by seeing Faithful's forbearance and kindness, joined with him, and they went out of the city together. Thus one died and passed away, but another rose up from his ashes, as it were, and filled his place. Hopeful told Christian that he thought there were others at the fair who would come on after them in time.



As these two walked along they overtook one who was going the same way as themselves, but when they began talking with him, though he was very free to say that he was going to the Celestial City, and was from the City of Fair-speech, he was careful to say nothing about his name, and he seemed to take care to keep it from them. At last Christian said:

"And what may I call you, good friend?"

"I am a stranger to you, and you to me. If you are going this way, I shall be glad of your company; if not, I must be content."

"This town of Fair-speech," said Christian, "I have heard spoken of as a wealthy place."

"It is that," said the gentleman, "and I have many rich relations there."

"Who are they?" asked Christian, "if I may be so bold."

"Nearly the whole town," said the man. "There is Lord Turn-about, and my Lord Time-server, and my Lord Fair-speech, also Mr. Smooth-man, and Mr. Facing-both-ways, and Mr. Anything; then the parson of the first church there. Mr. Two-tongues is a relation of mine on my mother's side. You see I am from a good family, yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my wealth by the same occupation."

"Are you a married man?" asked Christian.

"Yes; my wife is one of Lady Feigning's daughters—from a good family also, you see."

Then Christian stepped back a little to where Hopeful was, and said, in a low tone:

"I believe this is none other than By-ends, that had such a name for mischief; if it is, we have got sorry company. I heard that he lived in the town of Fair-speech."

"You had better ask him," said Hopeful; "an honest man has no occasion to be ashamed of his name."

So Christian, going back, said:

"You talk as though you knew rather more than the world at large, and if I am not mistaken you are Mr. By-ends, of Fair-speech."

"I will acknowledge that that is the name that I am sometimes called by, but it is not my real name; but I must be content to bear it as other worthy ones before me have done," said their new companion.

"But did you never give people any occasion to call you by it?" asked Christian.

"Never, never! It is only maliciousness that loads me with it," said By-ends.

"From what I have heard," said Christian, "I am afraid the name is properly yours—that is, that you have come rightfully by it."

"Well, if you will persist in thinking so, why you will," said By-ends; "but I would, had you been so minded, have borne you company along this pilgrimage."

"If you go this way, you must stand by your religion at all times; you must own Religion in his rags as well as in his silver slippers, and stand by him when bound in irons as well as when walking the highway with applause," answered Christian, stoutly.

"But it is not for you," said By-ends, "to lay down rules to govern me. If you will leave me free to do as I choose, I will go along with you."

"But we do not care for company that is not governed by the rules that have been laid down for us," said Christian.

"Then I must do as I did before I met you—keep on by myself—unless some one comes up who is of a different mind to you."

And thus the new-comer dropped behind, while Christian and Hopeful passed on more swiftly.

Soon after this, three men—Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love and Mr. Save-all—fell in with By-ends, and the four walked on together.

"Who are those two just on ahead?" asked Mr. Hold-the-world.

"A couple who, after a fashion of their own, are going this pilgrimage also, but they are so narrow one can take no comfort with them."

"And in what way do they so differ from others along this way—yourself, for instance?" asked Mr. Hold-the-world.

"Well, they, as you see, are for rushing along on this way; and not only that, but they are not willing that others should take a different course. They call me a fair-weather Christian because I wait to take things more easily."

"But we should be as wise as serpents, you know," said Hold-the-world. "We should not make enemies of any if we can help it."

"I think," said Mr. Save-all, "that we are all going the same way."

Thus talking, they went on.

For awhile the four men caught up and walked with Christian and Hopeful, and then the last two passed on ahead again. Soon they came—the two in advance—to a plain called Ease, which they enjoyed passing through greatly, but as it was not wide they were soon upon the further side of it. Here they found a little hill called Lucre, where was a silver mine that in times past had been a great temptation to many passing on their pilgrimage, for, growing eager, they had passed too near to the edge, and before they were aware of danger, the ground had given way and thrown them in, and though some of these again got out, they found they were maimed badly. Near to this mine, so tempting in appearance, was one Demas, who called to pilgrims as they passed on, telling them of the great wonders of the mine. When he tried to make Christian and Hopeful turn out of their way, Christian cried out:



"What have you so wonderful that you think to get us out of the way to see?"

"A silver mine, and some digging in it for treasures," replied Demas.

Then said Hopeful:

"Suppose we go and see."

"Not I," said Christian; "I have heard of this place, and how hindered pilgrims have been by it." Then he called out to Demas, "Is that not a dangerous place to pilgrims? Are they not hindered by it?"

"It is only dangerous to those who are careless," said Demas.

Still he blushed even as he said it.

"Then," said Christian, "do not let us stir a step towards it."

"I'll warrant you that By-ends will turn in there," said Hopeful.

Seeing them hesitate, he thought, Demas called to them to know if they were not coming over.

"No," said Christian. "You are an enemy to our King; you try to keep and hinder us on our journey, and we do not care for earthly riches."

"You are mistaken," said Demas; "I am one of your people, and if you hold on a bit I will go on with you."

"Is not your name Demas?" asked Christian.

"Yes."

"I know you; you are the son of Judas. Thy father was hanged for a traitor, and it is what you deserve, tempting pilgrims thus when they are journeying upon the highway to the Celestial City."

When By-ends and his companions came up, at the first call of Demas they turned aside and rushed eagerly to the precious mine. Whether they were tempted to lean too far, or whether the ground crumbled beneath, I could not make out, but I saw no more of them in the strait and narrow way. Then I thought that Christian, seeing they were not around, went on, and, as he did so, struck into singing—

"By-ends and Silver Demas both agree;

One calls, the other runs, that he may be

A sharer in his lure; so these do

Take up in this world, and no further go."

A little further on, the two pilgrims came to a mountain of such shape as to resemble on one side a woman made into the shape of a pillar. Quite a while they stood looking at it, but they could make little out of it.

"What is that written above there?" asked Hopeful, espying an inscription.

Christian, who was the better scholar, looked closely, and then read—

"Beware of Lot's wife."

"I wonder if this is meant as a warning of what might have happened if we had turned to Demas and his hill of riches after having entered upon this way," he said.

"I am ashamed that I thought for a moment of turning aside," said Hopeful, repentantly. "I wonder what is the difference between Lot's wife and me. She looked back to the world after she had started, and I wanted to look back."

"Well, we will let it be a warning to us to be more careful in future," said Christian.

Soon the two came to a pleasant river, which David the King called "the river of God," but John "the river of life." Here they seemed to take great delight and comfort. The river upon either side was green as emerald, and trees, weighted to heaviness with fruit, were upon every hand. A meadow with tall lilies stretched out before them, and here they laid down to a long, delicious sleep.

After they waked and had taken up their journey again, they found the beautiful river and their road parted again, much to their regret. The way branching off from the river was rough, and hurt their traveled-bruised feet sorely, and as they went on they felt disheartened and discouraged, and longed for a better way. A little further on they found lying to the left a green meadow, called By-path Meadow.

"As long as this meadow lies along by our way," said Christian, "why may we not take it and save our feet?"

"But suppose it should lead us out of the way," said Hopeful.

"You can see by looking on a bit that it keeps right along with it," answered Christian.

"Well, you ought to know what is right, you have been in the way longer than I," said Hopeful.

And so they passed over the stile. Here they found, as they expected, that the walking was easier. Soon a little in advance of them they saw a man walking along loftily, with seemingly no thought as to where he placed his feet, but feeling confidence that it was all right. This was a Mr. Vain-confidence. The pilgrims called to him and asked:

"Where does this way lead to?"

"To the Celestial City," was the reply.

"There!" said Christian, "did I not tell you so?"

But now, though the two walked with more confidence, they seemed to make slow progress, and soon the night settled down upon them. A little later, Vain-confidence, paying no heed to himself or where he put his foot, walked into a pit that the prince of the ground had made on purpose to entrap unwary pilgrims, and Christian and his companion, hearing him fall, called out to know what had happened,

but only a groan did they get for answer. It was useless for them to try to reach to him, as it was too dark to see where he was or what it was that had happened to him.

"Where are we now?" said Hopeful, despondingly.

Christian began to mistrust that he had been the means of leading his fellow and himself into forbidden grounds, and he made no attempt to answer.

"Oh, that I had kept in the way I knew to be right!" exclaimed Hopeful.

"Who would have thought this path, running so close and parallel with it, would have led us astray?" said Christian.

"I had my misgivings at the start," said Hopeful, "and I should have spoken plainer had not you been so much the eldest."

"Well, all I can say now is that I am sorry I have been the means of leading you astray. I hope you will not think hard of me for it."

"I forgive you free'y, if that is all you wish, and it may prove of good to us in some way that we do not know of," answered Hopeful.

I am glad you can show charity," said Christian. "But let us go back at once."

By this time it had commenced to rain hard, and the water poured down in such torrents as soon to submerge the way and make getting on difficult. Then I thought it came to me in my dream how much easier the going out of the way is to the getting back into it again.

Though they now tried hard to press forward, they failed to reach the stile and get over into the right way again that night. Coming to a little hut, they went in and finding it deserted they sat down to rest, and being weary they soon fell into a sound sleep.

Now a little way from this place was a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner of which was Giant Despair and it was upon his grounds that the pilgrims were now sleeping. Waking up in the early morning and going into his



fields he caught sight of Christian and Hopeful asleep on his ground. With a grim smile he marched to them, and, rudely waking them, he asked them what they were doing upon his private grounds. To this they replied that they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling and lying upon my grounds, so now you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, for he was much stronger than they. Going along the giant had little to say, but drove them on in front of him, and, reaching the castle, he pushed them into a dark, filthy dungeon, and locked them in. Here they lay for several days without the least refreshment or any one to inquire how it went with them. Christian was particularly cast down during this time, for he knew it was his fault that they were there.

Now Giant Despair had a wife named Diffidence. That night he told her what he had done and how he had two

prisoners confined in the dungeons. Then he asked her what she thought had best be done with them. Finding out who they were and where they were going she advised that they should, when morning came, be beaten.

Following her advice he in the morning, took a knotty stick and going to where they were confined entered and gave them a merciless beating which made them, for a long time after he had left them, cry out in pain. That night his wife told him that if they were still alive the best way was for him to advise them that, as they would never get out alive, he had best make way with themselves and have it done with. This he did but the prisoners took no notice of what he said, but begged to be allowed to



go on their journey, at which he flew into a passion, and exercising too violently, he fell into a fit, and lost somewhat the command of himself and at last withdrew.

"Now" said Christian, "what had we best do? This life is unbearable; to die would be far better."

"Yes," said the other; "but you know we are told by the Lord of the country we are journeying to that we must not take another's life. Then how much less can we make it right to take our own! It seems to me that we ought to be willing to bear what we have brought upon ourselves. If we had kept in the right way all this would not have happened."

"I know," said Christian mournfully.

After this the giant and his wife talked again about the pilgrims.

"They are a sturdy couple, and seem determined to brave it through," he said.

"Take them out in the yard to-morrow," she answered, "and show them the bones of the ones you have already made way with, and I guess that that will so work upon them that you will not find them in the land of the living when the next morning shall come."

When morning came Giant Despair did as his wife advised, and when Christian and Hopeful looked on the bones scattered around, their hearts sank within them. That night, when the giant and his wife had got to their own room, they again talked over, wondering, why it was that neither by blows nor by counsel could they get the life of the prisoners. But Hopeful and Christian, in their cell below, talked of the time when they should, by some means, regain their liberty again.

One night, about midnight, they began to pray fervently for release from their captor, and they continued in prayer till almost daylight. A little before the break of day a sudden revelation came like a flash to Christian's mind.

"How foolish of us to remain here," he cried, starting to his feet, "when all the time there has been resting in my possession a little key called Promise that would have unlocked, if properly applied, every lock in this old Doubting Castle!"

And feeling in his bosom, he drew forth the magic key, and, fitting it to the lock, the bolt flew back and the door turned upon its hinges.

But at the outer gate the creaking was so loud that Giant Despair waked from his sleep and started in hot pursuit, but one of his fits taking him again, he fell down, and soon the pilgrims passed to the highway, and so were safe because they were out of his country, and he had no longer power over them. Wishing, as from the stile they looked over into the enemy's grounds, to prevent any others making the mistake they had done, they stopped and put up a sign reading, "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, where Giant Despair waits, hoping to entrap all who may set foot upon his ground." This done, they passed on their way singing.

Not long after this they came to the Delectable Mountains, which Christian had had shown to him in advance when at the Palace Beautiful. As they went up the mountain they found cool springs of water, where they refreshed themselves; and spread out on every hand were orchards, of whose fruit they ate. At the top of the mountain they found shepherds feeding their sheep, and the pilgrims were

glad to stop and talk with them awhile, after the tediousness of their confinement in Giant Despair's castle.



"Whose mountains are these, and whose sheep?" asked Christian.

"This is Immanuel's Land, and the Celestial City is within sight from yonder eminence," answered one of the shepherds.

"Then this is the way to the Celestial City, for very truth," said Hopeful.

"The way," said the shepherd.

"Is the future way safe?" asked Christian.

"Safe to all but transgressors," was the answer.

Then the shepherds and the pilgrims talked a long while together; and when the shepherds heard all the mistakes the pilgrims had made, and the dangers they had encountered, they looked very kindly and sympathetically upon them, and again bid them welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

"You must stay with us for awhile, and we will show you some things that will interest you," said one of their number, and Hopeful and Christian were only too glad to accept their kind invitation, and that night in the tent of the herdsmen their sleep was very sweet. The next day the shepherds showed them many things of interest, to them. Among other things, at a hill called Error, they showed them where many pilgrims after journeying as far as this, had looked too far over and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Then in another place they saw a little in the distance, men walking among gravestones, and were told that these were the victims of Giant Despair, who, after having kept them shut up as long as he chose, put out their eyes, and turned them out into that resting place of the dead, where they groped about, but failed to find their way out. Then Christian and Hopeful felt greater thankfulness than ever, at their escape through having laid hold on the promise that had unlocked the rusty locks for them. After this the pilgrims were taken to a high peak called Clear, and had pointed out where the Celestial City lay in



the distance, and were given the shepherd's own glass to look through. Remembrance of what had last been shown them, however, made their hands shake so, that it was hard for them to hold the glass steady enough to see very distinctly what was pointed out to them, but that the longed-for city was in sight of some, gave them cheer, and bidding the shepherds farewell, and thanking them for all they had done for their

profit and entertainment, Christian and Hopeful passed again on their way.

"You must beware of one called Flatterer," called one of the shepherds; and another added, "See to it that you are not caught sleeping upon the Enchanted Ground."

After this I dreamed that as the pilgrims were going down the mountain, I saw on the left of the way a city called Conceit, and that a little crooked laneled from the way the pilgrims were in, to the city. As the two passed on, there came up the lane from the city a lad walking briskly, whose name was Ignorance. As he came up, Christian asked where he was from, and where going? to which the lad answered—

"Sir, I was born in the country lying off there, but I have now started on a pilgrimage to the Celestial City."

"But how do you expect to gain admittance there?" asked Christian.

"Oh, as other good people do," was the answer.

"But have you nothing to show?" asked Christian.

"What is the need of anything as long as I have always lived as I should; I have, the Lord knows, always paid every man what I owed, I have fasted, given alms, and now as you see, I have left my own country for this one further on; what more needs to be done?"

"But you came not in at the Wicket-gate."

"The gate!" said Ignorance, snappishly, "every one around here thinks that too far away to be minded."

"But we have all been told that it was the only entrance to the way of life," said Hopeful.

"I am sure, gentlemen, you are strangers to me, and I would wish you well, but I would suggest that you be content to follow on in the way you think best, and leave me to do the same."

When Christian saw that the man was "wise in his own conceit," he said to Hopeful in a low tone, "There is more hope of a fool than of him."

And Hopeful answered, "Let us pass on now, and perhaps further on we will talk more with him."

So Christian and he went on. Shortly after this they entered a dark lane,



where they met a man whom seven devils had bound with seven strong cords, and were carrying back to the door they had seen in the mountain further back. This sight made the pilgrims tremble, but they tried to pass boldly on their way.

"I did not quite see that man's face," said Christian, "but if I am

not mistaken, it is a man called Turn-away, who lived in the town of Apostasy. How he hangs his head like a thief as he passes by. That makes me think of what was once told me of a thing which happened near here, to a man called Little-faith. A good sort of fellow who was from the town of Sincere. The thing was this: At the entrance of this way there comes down from Broad-way Gate, a lane called Dead Man's Lane, so called because of the murders done there; and this Little-faith going on a pilgrimage, as we do now, chanced to sit down there and sleep. Now, just at that time, there chanced to come along three rogues, called Faint-heart, Mistrust and Guilt, three brothers, and seeing Little-faith asleep in the way, they went galloping up to him in all haste. Now, Little-faith had just that instant awakened, and as he saw the threatening strangers he

turned as white as death. 'Give up all you've got,' they cried, and Mis rust running up to him thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a long bag of silver. At this Faint-heart plucked up courage to cry, 'Thieves, thieves,' but he was knocked down for it by Guilt. But hearing some one coming, they thought, and fearing it might be one Great-grace, who dwelt in the city of Good-confidence, and whom they had reason to fear, they took themselves off, leaving Little-faith to himself. After awhile he was able to rise and creep away."

"But did they indeed rob him of all he had?" said Hopeful.

"Oh, no; but he felt so deeply his loss, that he took small comfort in what was left to him, which were jewels of much more value than the spending-money that was taken."

"It was a wonder they did not get his certificate," said Hopeful.

"It is, but it was through no care of his that they did not, for at the first sight of them he was so struck with fear that he lost complete control of himself."

"But it must have been a great comfort to him that they did not get his jewels and his certificate, without which—the latter—you know, none can enter in at the last."

"It should have been a comfort, but those who told me the story told me he was so engrossed with his loss that he seemed to forget that he had anything remaining. His loss seemed to swallow up everything else."

"Poor man!" said Hopeful.

"Poor man indeed," responded the other. "I was told that he did nothing but scatter complaints all the rest of the way, and entertained every one he met with news of how he had been robbed."

"The three who robbed him must have been cowards," said Hopeful, "else why did they run at a mere noise of some one coming down the road? Why did not Little-faith pluck up courage to stand one brush with the rogues, and yield only when there was no other way?"

"They may have been cowards, but few have found it so at the time of trial with them, I can assure you. The trouble is, they serve under the king of the bottomless pit, who, if need be, will come to their aid himself and his voice is like the roaring of a lion. Those three fellows set upon me once, and I can assure you I had a time of it. I would have given life for a penny, as you might say, only, as God would have it, I was clothed with an armor of proof; but even then I found it hard work to quit myself like a man. No one knows what a combat it proves till he has been in it himself."

But you say the three fled when they thought Great-grace was coming. They seem to have been put to rout easily that time."

"Yes; but they had reason to know Great-grace. He is the King's champion. Of course you could no more expect one like Little-faith to meet them like Great-grace would than for a little child to handle Goliath as David did or that a little wren should have the strength of an ox."

"I would their encounter had been with Great-grace instead of with the one it was."

"But Great-grace is not always invulnerable," said Christian. "He has had his experience as well to which the scars, deep and long upon his face give proof. I understand he once even despaired of his life. You know the rogues made old staunch David groan and mourn; and even Heman and Hezekiah, though champions themselves had to bestir themselves when assaulted by these three. The worst is, their king is at their whistle; he is never out of hearing and at any time, if they are put to the worst, he comes to help them. When we hear of these depredations along the King's highway, it becomes us to look well to how we harness ourselves when entering upon it, 'above all, taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.' For my part it is only through the goodness of Him who is best that I came out of my combat with my life. I am able to boast but little of my manhood. I shall be only too glad if we get through with no more such encounters; but I fear we are not yet beyond all danger."

All this time, as they went along, Ignorance was following on slowly. They went on now till they came to where a way went out from their way and seemed to run on as straight as the one they were in, and they were now in doubt which was the right one of the two. As they stood considering which one they had better choose a man came to them of black flesh, but clothed in a white dress all throughout. His voice was the very softest and sweetest as he asked them why it was they stood hesitating. When they told him that they were on their way to the Celestial City, but were now in doubt which way to take he said, pleasantly:

"Follow me; it is there that I am journeying myself."
So they followed along after him in the way that had branched a little from the one they had been in. Soon the road began turning more and more, until at last they found their backs were toward the Celestial City rather than their faces; yet foolishly they followed on still.

Before they were aware of his intentions, their new guide had cautiously, by a very circuitous way, led them into the very midst of a wide-spread and finely-woven



net, where they were so entangled they found it impossible to free themselves.

At this the white robe fell from the black man's back, and they saw where they were, and he fled from them, leaving them so wound up it seemed an impossibility for them ever to get out.

For a long time they lay bewailing their misfortune.

"To think we should have been led off by his smooth tongue, when the shepherds so warned us to beware of Flatterer!"

As they lay thus, there approached them a Shining One, who held a small whip of cords in his hand. When he came to the place where they were lying, he asked what they did there. They told him that they were poor pilgrims who were on their way to Zion, but were led from the way by one who had a smooth tongue and a spotless dress.

"Oh," said the Shining One, "that is Flatterer, a false apostle that hath transformed himself into an angel of light."

Then he tore the net apart, and set the prisoners free.

"Follow me, that I may take you back once more to the right way."

So he led them back to the way they were in before Flatterer tempted them. As they reached the right road again he asked:

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"With the shepherds upon Delectable Mountains," Christian answered.

"Did not the shepherds give you a note of direction as to the way?"

"Yes," said Hopeful.

And did you, when you were in doubt, turn and examine it to see where next to step?"

"No," answered the pilgrims, faintly.

"But why did you not?"

"We did not think to," they answered.

Then he asked them if the shepherds did not warn them of Flatterer, to which they replied that they did, but that they had no idea that so fine spoken a man was he.

Then I thought in my dream that the Shining One bade them lie down, and, taking his whip of cords he chastised them, saying, "As many as I love I rebuke."

This done, he bid them go on their way, and to take good heed in future to the counsel of the shepherds. As the pilgrims once more started on their way, they met a man who had his back toward the City of Zion as though returning from it. I thought that this was one Atheist by name.



"Where now?" he asked, as the two drew near.

"We are going to Mount Zion."

Then Atheist broke into a loud laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Christian.

"To see what fools you are to take upon yourselves such a needless journey. Little are you likely to have to show for it."

"Why so? Do you think we will not be received?" asked Christian.

"Received! why, bless you, there is no such place at all. In my country I heard about this thing and went out to see for myself, and have been seeking it these twenty years, and find no more of it than when I first started."

"We believe there is such a place," said Christian, boldly.

"So did I, man, when I first started out; had I not, I should not have gone as far on this road as I have; but now I am going back."

"We had better take heed," said Hopeful, in a low tone, to Christian; "you know we have been led away by one Flatterer. No Mount Zion, indeed. Did we not see it well nigh from the mountain top? Also, are we not told we must walk by faith if we would hope to enter in at last?"

Then I saw that they kept on their journey till they came to a region where the air seemed heavy, and drowsiness crept over them. Here Hopeful began to be very dull and heavy with sleep, and when he complained of feeling thus to Christian, his companion owned to the same himself.



"I can hardly keep my eyes open; I am going to lie down and take a short nap," said Hopeful, throwing himself down.

"By no means," answered Christian, trying to help him up again.

"Why-so? Sleep is sweet to the weary man. Why should we not refresh ourselves occasionally?"

"Do you not remember how the shepherds bid us beware of sleeping when we should come to the Enchanted Ground? This must be the place."

"You are right, Christian. Had I been alone I am afraid I should have been overcome by inclination," and Hopeful got up and went on his way.

"To prevent drowsiness, suppose we talk together," said Christian. "And let me ask, what was it first caused you to enter upon your pilgrimage, Hopeful?"

"Well, I was taking great delight in the worldly pleasures sold at the Vanity Fair, such as revelling, drinking, Sabbath-breaking, etc. when all at once I began to feel troubled about the condition of my soul—to realize, in fact, that I had one. I was then troubled about what sinful things I had done, and was often borne down with apprehension. If I met a good man in the streets or I read a verse of the Bible, all my troubled thoughts would troop back upon me; or if my head ached and I thought I was going to be ill, or I heard a bell toll for some one who had died, and it came to me now some time we must all die, all these things had power to bring my lost condition up to me."

"And could you easily shake off these thoughts?"

"At first a pleasure or a gay time would do so, but as time went on, guilt seemed to fasten more securely upon me. And so I tried to mend my ways and make my walk better. But this did not satisfy me, for then when I was taking such pains with the new walk, the old one past would stand out all the more plainly from contrast, and it would come to me, how if a man got into debt to a storekeeper, and afterwards regretted having done so, and made prompt payment for what he got in future, though that course would keep the present record clean it would in no wise diminish the old debt; that would stand uncanceled just the same."

"But how did you apply that to your case?" asked Christian.

"Why I reasoned that I had by my own sinful course run up a long account in God's book, and though I might try to do better in time to come, that would not cancel the old score, and then I was troubled; and again a thing that gave me deep concern was, that try as best I might to make a clean daily record, I was ever committing sin, and it seemed impossible for me to save myself from being brought to an account I cared not to face."

"And what did you do then?"

"Well, it was about this time that you and Faithful came along to Vanity, and getting acquainted with him, I told him how I was feeling. He told me that unless I could gain the righteousness of one who never had sinned I could never hope to be saved. And then he told me of Jesus Christ dwelling at the right hand of God, and how, living, suffering, and dying upon the cross, he had worked out my salvation if I would but believe and accept it. Then I made my objection to believing right then and there on the plea that it would seem like presumption for one as wicked as I to claim such a great sacrifice. But he made it plain that such was the case, and that the sacrifice was made whether I accepted it or not; if I chose to slight it I could, if I chose

to take hold of it I could, and while acknowledging that I was by nature a sinner, yet through his gift I could hope to live, it was my privilege to do so. Then I began to understand something of how I had all along been relying alone upon myself, when I should have been looking alone to a Savior; I had been hoping, who was sinful through and through to the very core, to work out myself a better life. Now it was that I cried out, 'O, Lord Jesus, come and help me! I must be saved, and thou alone canst save me! I must be blessed, and thou alone canst give the blessing.' And so, looking alone to Jesus, peace came to me, and after peace, firm determination to turn out of the old life, surrounded with temptation and wickedness, into the one leading to light and rest beyond. Since, my heart has often been full to overflowing with thankfulness for all that has been done for me, and I have been contented and hopeful."

Then I thought that Hopeful looked back and saw Ignorance coming on slowly behind them.

"How he does loiter," said Christian.

"Yes, he evidently cares little for our company," answered Hopeful. Then Christian called—"Come on, why do you stay so behind?"

"Oh, I can take pleasure in walking alone, unless I find company to my liking," answered Ignorance.

"But how are you getting along in this your walk to the Celestial City?"

"Oh, well; I am always full of good thoughts that comfort me greatly."

"What good thoughts?" asked Christian.

"Why, I think of God and Heaven."

"So do the devils and lost souls, no doubt," said Christian.

"But I think of them, and desire to reach them," answered Ignorance.

"So I'm thinking do many, who are not likely ever to reach them."

"But I leave all to gain them," said Ignorance.

"And how do you know that?" asked Christian.

"Why, my heart tells me so."

"The wise man says, 'He that trusts his own heart is a fool.'"

"But that is spoken of an evil heart; my heart is good."

"How can you prove that?"

"It comforts me in hopes of heaven."

"A man's heart may minister comfort through its own deceitfulness, giving him ground for hoping in which there is really no reason to hope."

"But my heart and my life agree," said Ignorance, boastfully.

"And who told you they agree?"

"Why, my heart tells me so."

"Except the Word of God bear witness in the matter there is no value to be found in other testimony."

"But when do you consider thoughts concerning ourselves good?" asked Ignorance.

"When they agree with God's Word."

"And when is that?"

"When we pass the same judgment upon ourselves which the Word does. Now the Word of God says, 'The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth.' Now, is that the way your thoughts tell you?"

"I will never believe that my heart is as bad as all that," said Ignorance.

"That is as I supposed," said Christian, "and from the very first I doubted your having thoughts that were good. Ignorance is thy name, and most rightly art thou named."

"I doubt not but that my way is as good as yours, though I may not have as many whims as you have," said Ignorance. "But you go altogether faster than I care to," he added; and again fell behind.

Left again to themselves, after a little talk of the one they had just left, Christian asked Hopeful if he ever knew a man called Temporary, who lived in his part of the country.

"Know him? I guess I did! He lived in a town called Graceless—a town a little way from Honesty—and he was related to one called Turn-back," answered Hopeful.

"He was much awakened on account of his sins once," said Christian.

"Yes," answered Hopeful, musingly; "I used often to see him shed bitter tears on account of what he had done. I really had some hope of him at one time."

"Once he started out on a pilgrimage as we have, but soon after he got intimate with one Save-self, and after that I saw little of him."

"Yes, his mind was strongly awakened once, but you see, like so many others, his mind was not changed; he knew his

duty, but he did not do it. Then such have the way blocked up through shame at being classed with the Lord's followers. Could they be one, and no one be the wiser, they would make no objections; but they shrink from coming boldly out on the Lord's side in the face of all their old associates, so finally they draw off their thoughts from God, make him a stranger to them, just as you say Temporary did after he chose Save-self for a companion. As they give themselves to the companionship of sinful ones, they have less and less taste for that of sincere men serving God faithfully, and soon they not only grow cold toward such, but they begin to harp upon their failings and to criticise them. There is never any one able to walk a pure life in the estimation of a sinner."

Then I thought in my dream that the pilgrims now



passed safely through the Enchanted Ground, having felt sleep and drowsiness pass from them as soon as they made an effort to so entertain themselves and keep free from the fetters. They now entered upon the Land of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, and in the way lying directly through it, the two found

great refreshment. As they lay resting, they found they were in sight of the City, and saw some of the inhabitants of it walking at a little distance. Now, as they approached nearer to the City they saw that it was built of pearls and precious stones. As they passed on, they found a gardener standing by the way.

"Whose good vineyards and gardens are these?" they asked.

"The King's; planted not only for his own delight, but for the refreshment of pilgrims as well."

Then he invited them to partake freely of what was around them in such profusion, and after they had done so, and had taken a delicious sleep, they were met by two men whose garments shone so that the pilgrims' eyes were dazzled. The men asked the pilgrims where they were from, and they told them. Then they said:

"You have but two more difficulties to meet and then you will be in the City and your trials past."

Then Christian asked if they would not pass on with them, but the men said:

"You must attain it by your own faith; each must pass on for himself."

Then I thought that they went on until they came to the gate of the City; but behold, here they found, between them



and it, a dark rolling river, across which no bridge had ever been thrown. At the sight of the river the pilgrims were stunned with surprise, but the two said: "You must go through it if you would come out upon the other side."

Then the pilgrims inquired if there was really no other way. To

this the men answered "There was another way, but only two—Enoch and Elijah—have been permitted to tread it"

Then Christian and Hopeful, seeing that there was no other way, plunged into the water, and at once Christian began to sink, and he cried out to Hopeful, "The billows go over my head"

Then Hopeful bade him be of good cheer, assuring him that he could feel the bottom and that it was firm.

Then I thought that Christian broke out exultantly, "I see him and he tells me 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' So in this way cheering

one another, they succeeded in passing through the waters of the river of death, and came out upon the other side. Here

two Shining Ones came out as ministering spirits to them. Now the City stood upon a high hill, but the pilgrims went up with ease, for they were lightened of all earthly weights, and their mortal garments had been left behind them in the river, for they went in with them, but came out without them; and as they went up through the regions of air, they conversed sweetly with the ones beside them, talking of what lay around about them, and so the life that was unfolding before them.

"Soon," said their companions, "you will be wearing the golden crowns and hearing the voice of the Mighty One."

Now while they were thus drawing near to the gates a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them to whom the Shining Ones said, "These are two who love our Lord; they were in the world, and they have left all to follow him." Then the host gave a great shout, saying

"Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." Then came out men with trumpets, belonging to the King's service, and at the shout they broke into strains of music, and Christian and Hopeful found themselves shut in on every side by the heavenly host, and the air seemed filled with sweet sounds; and in this way they came to the gate. Then I thought that the pilgrims were told to call at the gate. This done, they were asked for their rolls, which, being handed in, were taken in to the King, who, having read them, commanded that the gates should be opened, that those who had kept the truth should enter in. Then I thought that, as the worn pilgrims entered, they were transfigured, and that they were clothed in raiment that shone like gold; and I thought also that harps and crowns were given to them, and that then all the bells of the City rang out as with joy, and that it was said to them

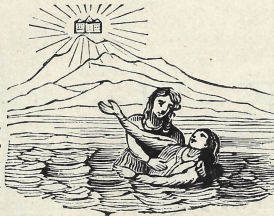
"Enter ye into the joy of our Lord." And then the ones who had a little while ago been pilgrims broke out with, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him

that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises with.

There were also those that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord." And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself beyond.

Now, while I was gazing on these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance come up to the river side; but he soon got over, and that without half the difficulty which the other two men met with: for it happened that there was then in that place, one Vain-hope, a ferry-man,



that with his ferry-boat helped him over, so he, like the others, came up the hill; but I noticed that none came out to meet him as they had the other two. When Ignorance came to the gate and was asked for his roll that was evidence that he had lost his sins at the foot of the cross, he, though pretending to search for one, found none. Then they asked: "Have you none?"

To this he answered not a word. When the King heard this he commanded the two Shining Ones to take him, and bind him, and carry him from their sight. So carrying him through the air, they took him to the gate I had seen in the hill near Doubting Castle. Then I saw there was a road to that dark pit from Heaven as well as from the City of Destruction. So I awoke, and behold, it was all a dream.

BOOK II.

Now it so happened that, being in a deep wood, I lay down to sleep, and, sleeping, dreamed again. I thought that as I was walking along through the selfsame wood in which I then was, an old gentleman came by, and, going the same way as I we walked together, conversing as we went. After awhile, as we walked on, we saw lying below us, a little to our left, a town, and I asked the stranger if he knew what town it was.

"It is the City of Destruction," he answered.

"I thought that was the town," said I.

And then I asked my companion, Mr. Sagacity by name, if he ever knew one Christiana, who went some time ago on a pilgrimage up toward the higher region.

"Hear of him!" answered my companion: "there are but few but have heard of him and his pilgrimage. The whole country rang with it at one time, and various were the opinions, too, concerning him and his doings."

"And what ever became of his wife and children?" I asked.

"Christiana and her sons? They are likely to do as well as did Christian. Though they made light of his doings at first, they thought better of it later, and now she and the four boys have started for themselves. As we seem to be going the same

way I will give you an account of the whole matter. After Christiana found her husband had passed over the river, and that she could hear no more from him, she began to think more and more of all that he had said to them and the example he had placed before them. Then,

too, there flocked back upon her all the unkind things she had done when he had first made known his desire for a new life. All these weighed down her conscience fearfully, and again she seemed to hear her husband's agonizing cry. "What shall I do to be saved?" So it was that, in time, she made known how she was feeling to her children, and how she not only sorrowed over the past, but that now she, like their father who had passed

on before, feared for the future as well. Then the children, with tears in their eyes begged their mother to set out on the pilgrimage their father had taken, and to take them with her. That very night they committed themselves unto God as had Christian done before them. The next night Christiana had a dream, and she thought that while she was bemoaning her life, two ill-favored persons came beside her bed and said:

"What shall we do with her? She seems now to be going the same way her demented husband went. We must somehow get her away from brooding upon the thoughts of this future life, or we shall lose her also."

Then Christiana awoke in a cold sweat, trembling from head to foot; but soon falling into another sleep, she dreamed again, and this time she thought she saw her husband in a beautiful place of bliss, surrounded with a throng of those who enjoyed to the fullest; and as she looked, she thought he bowed his head low, and cried, "I heartily thank my God and King for bringing me into this place," and then the company around him shouted and broke into songs and thanksgivings. Next morning after Christiana had bowed with her children before God in prayer there came a knock at her door.

"If you have come in God's name, come in," she called; and the door opened.

"Christiana," said the one standing in the doorway, "my name is Secret. I understand that you are even now feeling regret for what is in the past, and that you would gladly have the future different. I am come to tell you that the Merciful One is ready to forgive. There is Christian, thy husband, dwelling now with legions who do ever behold the face of the Father, and they will be glad when they shall hear the sound of thy footsteps across the threshold." At this Christiana flushed with pleasure. "Here is a letter from thy husband's King," said her visitor, handing her a sealed missive.



feeling to her children, and how she not only sorrowed over the past, but that now she, like their father who had passed

The letter told Christiana now it was the King's pleasure that she should come to the fair City. After it was read, she asked:



"Sir, will you not take me and my children with you to that beautiful land?"

"The bitter is ever before the sweet," said the stranger. "As did he who went before you, you must, too, pass through troubles before you can enter the Celestial City. I advise your doing as did Christian, your husband—go to

the Wicket-gate standing yonder over the plain; that is the entrance to the way you must go. I wish you good speed. I would also advise your taking this letter with you upon your journey, so you can look at it often, until you have its words fixed within your heart. It is one of the songs you will wish to sing while upon your pilgrimage, also what you will wish to give in when the further gate is reached."

Then Christiana called her family and said:

"Come, my children, let us pack up and be gone to the gate that leads to the Celestial City, that we may see your father and dwell in peace according to the laws of that land."

Then were the children glad that this was at last their mother's wish. As they were about ready to leave, two women, their neighbors, knocked at the door. As she had said previously, Christiana called:

"If you come in the Lord's name, come in."

This language was so new for Christiana that the women were surprised at it, but after a little hesitation they entered.

"And what is the meaning of this?" one of them asked, as they saw the preparations.

"We are about to start upon a journey, Mrs. Timorous."

This Timorous was a relative of him who met Christian at the hill Difficulty.

"For what journey, pray?"

"The same my husband took," said Christiana; and then tears came, in spite of her effort at self-control.

"I hope not so, good neighbor; for your children's sake, be not so unwomanly as to cast yourself away."

"But my children are going with me; not one wishes to be left behind."

"And who has put all this into your head?"

"Oh, you do not know how I have felt for a long time, but more especially since my husband passed over the river and I could hear no more from him. I am now as he was when he started, and nothing will give me peace until I am away."

"Oh, the madness of running into such difficulties! You know what your husband met with from the very first, as you know Obstinate acquainted us with it; and you know how Pliable tried it, and was obliged finally to give it up. Then there is what we heard about your husband's fight with Apollyon, and his experience at Vanity. Are all such things counted as naught with you? Think of your children, too; how can you run into such danger with them?"

But Christiana only said:

"Tempt me not. I have been told 'the bitter must come before the sweet,' and that will make it all the sweeter. I pray you, go and leave me in quiet."

Then Mrs. Timorous laughed scornfully, and said to the one who accompanied her—

"Come, Mercy, let us leave her in her own hands since she is above taking advice."

But Mercy not only felt sympathy for Christiana, but also interested in the course she was about to take; and she thought, "If she is to go, I think I had best stand by her;" so she said to Mrs. Timorous:

"I think, seeing this will be the last chance I shall have with Christiana, that I will walk a little way with her;" but she said nothing about her own interest in the matter.

"Well, if you have a mind to go a-fooling, you can; but remember, while we are out of danger, we are out, but when we are in, we are in;" and Mrs. Timorous went out, going straight to talk with others of her neighbors concerning Christiana's journey.

"But do you believe she will really go?" asked Mrs. Know-nothing.

"Oh, yes; she's bound to, no matter what comes of it."

"Such a blind, foolish woman!" said Mrs. Bat's-eyes.

"Why can she not take warning from her husband?"

"Well, I say, away with such fools!" said Mrs. Inconsiderate; "the town is well rid of them."

"Oh, put away this kind of talk," cried Mrs. Light-mind: "I am heartily sick of it."

So they talked of more pleasing things, and thus whiled the time away as best they could.

By this time Christiana was well on her way, with Mercy attending her.

"I take this as a great favor," she said to Mercy.

"If I thought it would be for good, I would never go near the town again."

"Keep on with me then," said Christiana. "You are young, and have a long life before you. Start out now while your days reach out before you. I know well that this pilgrimage will end in good."

"If I had your hope in my heart," answered the young girl, "I am sure I would keep on; but how do I know that I shall be received?"

"Well, go with me to the Wicket-gate, and there I will inquire further for you. If you should not meet with encouragement, and wish to return, you can do so."

"I will go," said Mercy.

Christiana was glad, not only for company on her journey, but also that her young friend showed interest in her soul's salvation. As they went, Mercy's tears fell freely; and her companion, seeing them, said to comfort her:

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

When the two came to the Slough of Despond, they hesitated.

"This is the place, I am sure, where my husband had such a hard time, and which caused Pliable to turn back in discouragement," said Christiana; and at this the children drew back.

"Oh, let us go on, but with care," said Mercy.

Then they looked carefully, and, finding the steps and keeping carefully to them, they at last managed to get over. When upon the other side, they seemed to hear a voice saying, "Blessed is she that believed."

"If I had had a message calling me to the Celestial City, as you have," said Mercy, "no Slough of Despond would have power to turn me back."

Now I thought that the old gentleman I have spoken of as telling me this, here left me, and that I dreamed out the rest by myself. I thought I saw Mercy, Christiana and the boys at last at the Wicket-gate, and Christiana, being the eldest, it was agreed, should, when they had knocked, speak to the keeper for the rest. But just at this moment they



heard, near to the gate, the fierce barking of a dog, and a large mastiff came toward them, and the children drew back in fright. At last Christiana gained courage to give a loud knock, at which the keeper called out, "Who's there?"

At the sound of his voice the dogs left off barking, and Christiana answered:

"We have come from the same place and upon the same errand as did Christian not long since, and our wish is to enter into the way leading to the Celestial City. I am Christiana, wife of Christian."

"Can it be she too has become a pilgrim and has started in this way?" said the keeper.

"Yes, and these children have a desire to follow also," said Christiana.

Then the keeper took her by the hand and led her in, saying, as he glanced toward the boys, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and he closed the gate.

Mercy, from her timidity, had fallen behind the others, and, not being noticed, the door was closed upon her.

"My good sir," said Christiana, "I have a companion without who also has a wish to enter."

Now Mercy began to be very impatient, for every moment seemed like an hour as she stood waiting; so she began to knock, and she knocked so impatiently and loud that Christiana was frightened, and when the keeper asked "Who is

there?" she said timidly, "I think it is my friend." When the gate was opened, Mercy was found to have fainted. Bending gently over her, the keeper said, "Damsel, I bid thee arise."

After a little, Mercy rose, and someone near brought sweet-smelling leaves to refresh her with. Then they were all taken into a cool parlor, where they were left for awhile alone.

"How glad I am that at last we are here!" said Christiana. "I thought, while the dog was barking, and no one seemed to know of our approach, what if all our coming had been vain, and we gained no admittance?"

"But my worst fear was when I saw you pass in and the door shut again upon me," said Mercy.

"I wonder that he keeps such a savage dog," said Christiana. "I am fearful that, had I known of it, I should have been afraid to have started."

When the keeper again came, Mercy gathered courage to ask him why he cared to keep a dog on the premises that seemed likely to keep people from trying to gain entrance.

"That dog has another owner," he said; "he belongs to the castle you see in the distance. He has frightened many a pilgrim by his roaring; in fact, he that keeps him does not do so on account of any good-will to me or mine, I can assure you. But I trust, had you known beforehand of his being here, you would not have let him deter you from coming. A beggar going from door to door will brave worse things than the brawling of a cur, rather than run the risk of losing a pittance. Surely our pilgrims have as much courage as a beggar!"

At this Christiana and her companion flushed a little, but the keeper soon began talking of their journey. After they were somewhat refreshed, he directed them on their journey, as he had done Christiana, and with songs upon their lips they passed on.

Now upon the other side of the wall that fenced in the way they were in, was a garden belonging to the one who was owner of the dog. Some of the fruit trees growing within the garden branched over the wall and hung temptingly near, so Christiana's boys, as boys are apt to do, being pleased with the fruit, picked some, and began eating. The mother scolded the boys for doing so, but they only made light of it and ate on.

"That fruit does not belong to us, and you have no right to it," she said; but she did not know then that it belonged to the enemy over the way, else she would have been much more afraid than she was.

But that passed and they went on their way.

A little further on they saw two ill-favored looking men coming toward them. Christiana and her friend lowered their veils and dropped behind the children; but the men seemed to have no idea of passing peaceably, but, as they were near to the women, laid their hands roughly upon them, at which Christiana called loudly for help and the children screamed in alarm. Being but a short distance from the gate, Christiana's cry was heard, and some of the household ran out to see what was the cause of the disturbance. At this the men let go their hold, and, tumbling over the wall, disappeared.

Then the foremost of the ones from the lodge, whose name was Reliever, coming up, Christiana thanked him for his kind help.

"I wondered, when you were at the gate, that, knowing the dangers of the way, you, a weak woman, did not ask for a conductor to accompany you," said Reliever.

"We were so taken up with our blessings that coming dangers were forgotten," said Christiana; "but I wonder, since our need was known there, that one was not offered to us."

"It is not thought best to grant things unasked for, lest they be thought little of when granted," said Reliever.



"Shall we go back after one now?" asked Christiana. "We will willingly confess our folly."

"Your confession I will myself present," he answered. "You need not go back, for there is full provision made at all places along your way for whatever you may need; but remember, it is a poor thing that is not worth asking for;" and with this he returned to the lodge.

"I thought," said Mercy, when they were again alone, "that when once beyond the gate we should be shut in from all danger."

"Your innocence, my sister, may excuse you, but not me, for I knew better, had I stopped to think. Besides knowing of much that happened to Christiana, I was also warned in a dream that there would be those who would try to keep me from my journey. I saw two just such looking men in my sleep, talking, I thought, of how they could draw me from the way."

"Well, the Lord followed us with unasked kindness, and delivered us," said Mercy.

And now they drew near the house of the Interpreter—the same Christian had been entertained at—and, as they stood near, Christiana heard her own name spoken by those conversing within. It seemed the news of her having started upon the heavenly way had preceded her, and they were even now rejoicing over the fact of her change of views. When Christiana knocked, a young girl named Innocent opened the door.

"Whom would you like?" she asked, in a sweet voice.

"We are pilgrims, and were told it was our privilege to seek entertainment and profitable rest here."

"And what may I call your name?" asked the young girl.

"I am Christiana. Perhaps Christian, my husband, who passed over this same road, may still be remembered here."

Then Innocent ran back full of delight to tell how Christiana was even then at the door.

Then the master, coming to the door, said:

"Are you indeed Christiana, whom the good man Christian mourned over leaving behind when he traveled this way?"

"I am the woman who slighted her husband's troubles," answered Christiana, sadly; "but I, too, now see there is no other thing worth doing."

"Then are you like the man's son to whom it was said to go and work in the vineyard, and he answered, 'I will not;' but afterwards he repented and went. But you must not stand without; come in; come, children, come, maiden, enter;" and he led them all into the house.

Here they received a kind reception from all, and particularly were Christiana's boys noticed lovingly. As supper was not ready, Interpreter took them into his room and showed them what Christian also had seen. They saw here the man in the cage, shut in by his despair; the man in his dream, and the one cutting his way through his enemies, together with the other things Christian thought so profitable.

After they had been given time to think upon these, Interpreter took them to where was a man who felt no wish to look in any other direction but downward. He was raking with a small rake. Beside him stood one holding out to him a crown of gold, but he saw it not, but with his eyes intently fixed upon the bits of straw and useless things he was gathering together he noticed nothing else.

"This is a man of the world, I judge," said Christiana.

"You are right. The things that people of the world take such absorbing interest in, appear like straw and stubble, looked at from some standpoints, and riches extended from Heaven go by unnoticed by them, while their eyes are ever bent downwards."

Then he took them into a room where was a hen and chickens. One of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her head and eyes to heaven. Then he said, turning to the boys:

"See what this little chick does, and learn of her to acknowledge your mercies."

Then he took them into his garden and showed them the flowers.

"See," he said, "what variety of color and stature: yet they grow and thrive where they have been placed, and none quarrel with the other."



Then they came upon a robin with a great spider in his mouth.

"Such a pretty robin red-breast!" said Christiana—"too pretty to be devouring such things. I never saw them eat anything but crumbs before."

"That robin is a fair type of some people; they are very fine to look upon, and make profession of feeding on innocent crumbs when any one is by, but at other times are able to change their diet very quickly and to take down sin and iniquity as though they feasted on it."

After this, Interpreter showed them, in the garden, a tree whose whole centre was decayed, but yet it grew and was crowned with leaves.

"There are many among God's professing ones who are like this tree—fair at the top, and, apparently, making good growth—but at heart they are rotten, and fit only to be food for the devil's tinder-box."

After supper had been partaken of, and Christiana had told her new friends something of how she came to start upon her journey, and how she had persuaded Mercy to accompany her, the company broke up for the night, and the guests were each shown separate apartments. Now, when Mercy was by herself, all the events of the day came back upon her, and so glad was she that all doubt of being permitted to enter upon this new life was taken from her, she could not sleep for joy, and for a long time she lay chanting songs of praise for favors received. The next morning they rose early, and after enjoying a bath in the garden, they felt rested and strengthened and expressed their readiness to again set out. Then Interpreter, looking approvingly upon them, called for his seal that he might place his mark upon them, that they might be known as God's people. This done, he called to a young girl to see that they were clothed with fresh raiment—garments of humility; and when they were thus dressed, each looking upon the other, said, "How beautiful you are!" but seemed not to think of how they themselves looked. Then Interpreter called to his servant, Great-heart, and said, "Take sword and helmet and shield, and conduct these my daughters and these younger ones of the flock safely to the house Beautiful." Accompanied by Great-heart, and after the whole household had gathered to bid them God-speed, the little company passed on their way.

Then I thought in my dream that, walking with Great-heart in advance of them, they went on until they reached the place where Christian had lost his heavy burden at the foot of the cross. Here Christiana's heart grew wondrous tender, and her voice was broken and subdued as she said, "O, thou loving One! thou hast bought me, thou hast paid for me ten thousand times more than I am worth! No wonder that here my husband's burden was lightened!" And then, while her face took on a more joyous look than it had before worn, she said, "If only I had come when he wished and we had taken this journey together! How my heart goes out after those we have left behind! Mercy, if only we could have persuaded them to come with us!"

After this they came to the place where Christian had found the men—Simple, Sloth and Presumption—sleeping; and now, a little to one side they found all three hanging by their necks.

"And why is this?" asked Christiana in alarm.

"They not only would not be persuaded to go in the right way themselves, but tried all they could to prevent others from doing so," said Great-heart.

"But were any influenced by them?"

"Yes; there was one Slow-pace, and a No-heart and Sleepy-head—all three of those went with them in their belief. Then, too, they spread evil reports about the way and said that, when the Heavenly City was gained, it was not found to be as represented, and that the Lord was always found to be a hard task-master."

"Let them be made examples of then," said Christiana; "it is right they should be."

They now came to the hill Difficulty, and, to encourage them, their guide, as he took them to the spring to drink, recounted to them Christian's experience here, and how valiantly he had resisted temptation and struggled up the way. Then they began to climb. For awhile they went on very

well, but after awhile the smaller children began to tire and even Mercy and Christiana found their breath coming hard.

"I do not so much wonder that those who love their ease find some easier way than this," Christiana said.

One of the children began to cry and beg to be allowed to sit down and rest.

"No, no," said Great-heart; "don't stop here. Just beyond is the Prince's arbor, built purposely for refreshment."

Then he took the little boy by the hand and led him gently on. When the arbor was reached they were all glad to sit down and rest. Then said Great-heart:

"Well, my little boys, what do you think now of going on a pilgrimage?"

"I am glad you helped me up," said the one whose tears were now dried.

"Mother says, if we would get to Heaven, we must expect to have to climb," said one of the others.

But the eldest, who was a wise youth, said:

"I'm thinking that going down hill the road to destruction is found to be harder."

"That's so, boy," said Great-heart; at which the boy flushed, which caused Mercy to smile a little.

"Come," said Christiana, "let us eat a little; here is a bit of pomegranate that Interpreter put into my hand as I came away, and also some honey."

"I thought I saw him give you something," said Mercy.

While they were eating, Christiana asked Great-heart if he would not have some too.

"You are going further than I, and will need it most," he said.

After they were done Great-heart thought they had better be going on, as the day was wearing away. When they came to where Timorous and Mistrust tried to dissuade Christian from going further on account of the lions in the way, they found a stage built, bearing these words, "On this stage are punished such as, through the influence of Timorous and Mistrust, become inclined to go no further; here also did the evil agents, Timorous and Mistrust, have their tongues burned through with a hot iron for endeavoring to hinder Christian in his journey." After they had passed on, they came in sight of the lions; but before they reached them, the boys, who had been walking in advance, suddenly fell behind, at which Mr. Great-heart said:

"Ho, ho! You love to go manfully ahead when there is no danger, but fall back quickly as soon as the lions appear."

As they went on, Mr. Great-heart drew his sword to instill courage into the hearts of the pilgrims. Suddenly there appeared before them one Grim, who had lately taken to backing the lions and so well had he succeeded in intimidating the ones seeking the Heavenly City that so many had turned out into a bye-path that they saw the true way had become overgrown with grass.

"Why are you come hither?" asked Great-heart, not in the least daunted.

"To withstand you."

"These women and children are on their way to the Celestial City, and this is their way."

"This is not their way, neither shall they go in it," said the giant.

Then Christiana said boldly:

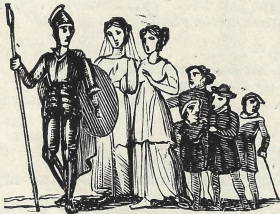
"Though others have been turned from the way, it must not be so longer. 'I am risen a mother in Israel,' and I must be permitted to pass."

Then Grim swore that such should not be the case, at which Great-heart stepped forward and struck the giant so heavily with his sword that he fell back.

"Will you dare to slay me upon my own ground?" cried Grim, angrily.

"It is not your ground; it is the King's highway. These women and children shall go over it, if they choose, in spite of you or the lions," said Great-heart; and he struck another blow, which brought the giant to the ground, breaking his helmet and severing one arm.

At this he roared fearfully, which sent the children nearly wild with fright, but the next moment their enemy lay dead before them.



"Come now, follow me; no harm shall come to you from the lions, for they are chained," said their deliverer; and soon they had passed on and were at the porter's lodge.



When they knocked, the porter asked, "Who is there?" but as soon as Great-heart said "I," the door was opened, for his voice was well known, as he had many times been there with pilgrims. When the gate

was opened, the porter did not at first see the pilgrims, as they had timidly fallen back a little; so he said:

"How now, Mr. Great-heart? What is your business so late in the day as this?"

"I have, at my Lord's request, accompanied some travellers here. We should have been here earlier had not Grim opposed our way."

"Will you not come in for the night?"

"I must return at once."

"Oh, sir," said Christiana, stepping forward, "you have been so faithful and loving to us, have fought so nobly for us, and given us such wise counsel, that I am sure we shall be long forgetting you."

They Mercy said, regretfully:

"Would we might have your company to the end! The way is so full of danger, and we are so weak and defenceless."

Then the boys also tried to persuade their kind protector to keep on with them, but Great-heart only shook his head and said:

"I must do as I am commanded. Had you wished for my company clear through, you should have said so when Mr. Interpreter was commissioning me. He would probably then have granted your request. Have you not found out that only such things as are asked for are given here? Reliever sent word to us that you wished a protector to the Palace Beautiful; if other had been your desire, you should have made it known." At this second rebuke, Christiana blushed, but essayed no excuse. "I must go now."

After taking a kind farewell of them all, he turned back upon his way.

When Watchful learned who his present guests were, he rang the bell loudly, and said to the waiter, Humble-maid, who appeared in answer to the summons—

"Go, tell them within that Christiana, the wife of Christian, together with her children, are here."

Hardly had the maid had time to get the words from her mouth before a note of gladness rang through the house, and some of them hastened to the door, crying—

"Come in, Christiana; welcome, and all that are with you!"

As soon as they entered the house, they were taken to a large room, where many gave them a warm welcome.

"We heard you were upon the way, and have prepared refreshment for you."

When the evening meal was through, and they had had prayers, they asked to be permitted to go to their rest.

"If I may be so bold," said Christiana, "allow us to occupy the room that was my husband's when he was here."

So Mercy and she were given the chamber Peace, where Christian had enjoyed such sweet rest.

"Little did I once think," said Christiana, "when my husband was upon his pilgrimage, that I should ever follow."

"Hark!" said Mercy; "do you hear that?"

"Yes; music. Can it be for joy that we are come?"

"Music, in house, and heart, and heaven, over our being here!" exclaimed Mercy, rapturously yet wonderingly.

Listening and talking, they at last fell asleep. In the morning Christiana asked Mercy—

"Why did you laugh so in your sleep last night, Mercy?"

"I was dreaming; but did I really laugh?"

"Yes, heartily. What was your dream?"

"I thought I was sitting alone in a solitary place, thinking sadly of my sinfulness and the hardness of my heart. I thought I had not sat there long before some of my friends gathered around me to inquire what I had committed, and I told them I was sorrowing over sin I had committed, and the difficulty there was in leading a better life. Then I thought that they all began to laugh and jeer at me, and to

call me a fool for being so concerned. Then I thought that looking up, I saw one coming towards me with wings as she drew near to me she said, 'Mercy, what aileth thee?' and I told her. At that I thought she drew near, and saying, 'Peace be to thee,' she wiped the tears from my eyes, and then, throwing over me a silvery raiment, she bade me follow her. Up through the air we seemed to go, until we came to a golden gate. When she had knocked it was opened, and we passed up to a throne, where the One upon it said, 'Welcome, daughter; and then all around gave me welcome. I thought the place was as bright as the sun, and among the ones gathered there that I saw your husband, Christiana. Was not that a nice dream?"



"Indeed it was, and I do not wonder you were made happy by it. I believe some day you will in substance find it true. But had we not better join the family now?"

"If they ask us to stay awhile, Christiana, let us accept. I should so like to become better acquainted with Prudence and Pley before we go further," said Mercy.

"Well, we will see."

When they went below, all inquired kindly as to how they had rested.

"It was the best night I ever remember to have had," said Mercy.

"If you will but tarry with us awhile," said Prudence, "we will do the very best we can by you."

So it was arranged that they should remain where they were for a month. Prudence, during this time, kept watch of Christiana, to see how she was bringing up her boys. One day she asked of the one called James—

"Can you tell who made you, James?"

"God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."

"And can you tell who saves you?"

"God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," again answered James.

"Your mother has taught you well," said Prudence. "Can you tell how it is the Father saves you?"

"By his grace."

"And how does the Son?"

"By his righteousness, his death and life."

"And how does the Holy Ghost save you?"

"By his illumination, his renovation and his preservation."

"You have answered well."

Then, turning to Joseph, she asked—

"Can you, my lad, tell me what a man is?"

"A creature possessing reason, made by God, as my brother has said."

"And what is to be understood by the word 'saved'?"

"That man, by his own sin brought himself into a state of misery."

"And what is supposed by his being saved?"

"That sin is so strong that, once in its clutches, only one mighty as God can release us."

"And what do you think God's design in saving poor man to be?"

"Not only to glorify his name, but also to secure the eternal happiness of his creatures."

Then she asked of Matthew the eldest boy—

"Was there ever anything that existed before God?"

"No, for God has existed always."

"What do you think of the Bible?"

"It is God's Word."

"Is there anything in it that you cannot understand?"

"Yes, a great deal."

"And what do you do when you come to the part that you do not understand?"

"I think God is wiser than I, and I ask him to show me what he knows will be for my good."

"You have listened well to your mother's teachings. Continue to observe well as you go along through life. There is much that may be learned if we give good heed."

When the pilgrims had been in the Palace Beautiful about a week, there came one often to see Mercy—a man of rather pleasing manners, and who made some pretensions to being religious. His name was Mr. Brisk. What first attracted this Mr. Brisk towards Mercy was her thrifty ways

"She will be worth her weight in gold," Mr. Brisk thought, seeing her always busy—now with the mending, now with the fashioning of garments, and never for one moment letting her hands be idle. "She will be just the wife for me; she will help me to get on in the world;" and he grew still more attentive to Mercy.

Seeing this, Mercy talked with Prudence about it. "He is a busy man, and pretends to possess religion; but I doubt if he has a grain of it in his heart."

"Then I will have nought to do with him," said Mercy, hastily, "for I will have no clog to my soul."

"I imagine all you will need to do to get rid of him will be to let him know that all you do here is done for others, and that you gain no benefit from it. He thinks, if I am not mistaken, that you are getting good wages, and it is this that attracts him most."



The next time Mr. Brisk came, he said to Mercy—

"Always at it, I see. And what, let me ask, do you earn a day?"

"Nothing," said Mercy, "save the good foundation for the life to come."

"But what do you do with all the garments I see you making?" asked her companion. In some astonishment.

"Clothe those in need," said Mercy, eyeing him closely.

As Prudence had predicted, Mr. Brisk after this drew gradually away from Mercy, seeming to care little more for her when he found out her thrifty ways were not likely to yield him any good.

"He will say evil things of you, I have no doubt," said Prudence, "for all he professes religion."

Now about this time Matthew, the eldest son of Christiana, was taken sick, and so they sent for a physician, a Mr. Skill, whom the people of the palace had great confidence in.

When he came and looked at the boy, he said:

"Your boy has eaten something not good for him, madam."

"Oh, no," said Christiana; "since we entered upon this pilgrimage he has had access to nothing but what has been recommended to him."

"This boy has been tampering with something—something that is unholy food," answered the physician, decidedly.

"Do you not remember, mother, about the fruit hanging over the wall from Beelzebub's orchard, where the big dog was?" said Samuel.

Then it came to Christiana how he had persisted in eating the fruit she had warned him against.

"What a thoughtless boy!" she said and then added, "and how careless in me! Why did I not insist that he should let it alone? My judgment should have told me that what grew not in the right way was forbidden fruit."

"Do not take it too deeply to heart," said Mr. Skill; "I think we can counteract it."

Then he made him a purgative, telling him to take it three times a day, with fasting and prayer. At first the boy refused, but finally doing as he was bidden he after awhile fell into a sweet sleep and gradually grew better.

"See to it lad," said the physician, upon leaving him. "that you eat no more forbidden fruit;" and after this Matthew was very careful.

Now when Christiana felt that it was time for them to be going on and made known her wish, one of the boys said: "You will not forget will you, mother, to send to Mr. Interpreter to see if he will allow Great-heart to go on with us?"

"I had well-nigh forgotten it," said Christiana, "but I will draw up a petition now."

This done, she asked Watchful, the porter, if he would see that it was sent. In a little while the word came that Great-heart should be on hand.



When it was known in the family that the guests were going forward, Prudence asked them if they would not like to be shown some things that they could have to meditate upon on their way. So she took them all into a small room and showed them one of the apples that Eve ate and that she gave her husband, for the eating of which both were turned out of Paradise. Then she showed them Jacob's ladder, and at that very time there were angels ascending upon it, and the pilgrims stood and watched them for a long time. Then they took them to see a golden anchor, which they took down and gave to Christiana, saying, "This is to keep you steadfast should you meet with deep waters." And Christiana took it gladly. Just here, they heard some one knocking loudly for admittance, and soon Great-heart stood among them, and all, especially the boys, gave him a hearty welcome.



"Here are some parched corn and pomegranates that my Lord has sent you," he said to Christiana, "and here are figs and raisins for the boys to refresh them on their way."

Soon they started, Prudence and Piety going along with them. At the gate the porter told them that one who had passed by told of a great robbery committed not long since in the King's highway, but that they had no need to fear, as the thieves were taken, and were soon to be tried. Still Christiana and Mercy felt timid, but Matthew said, "Why need we fear when Great-heart is to be with us?"

Then Christiana thanked the porter for all that had been done to make their stay pleasant and profitable. As the porter shook hands with them he said to Christiana "May thy garments always be white, and may the works of Mercy not be few." Then to the boys he added, "Follow ever after godliness, and make your mother's heart glad." And so they passed on their way.

When they had gone a little way from the palace, Piety said:

"I must go back, for I have forgotten something I wished to give Christiana." So she turned back and the others waited for her.

As they waited, the music of birds filled the air and drove all sadness from them. When Piety returned she gave to Christiana a sketch of all they had seen at the palace, so that they could have it to look at when they grew forgetful. They began now to go down into the Valley of Humiliation. It was as steep to them as it had been to Christian, but with great care they were at last safely down. When they had reached the valley, Piety said to Christiana:

"This is where your husband had such a fight with the fiend Apollyon—I know you can but have heard of it; but be of good courage; with Great-heart beside you, we hope you will fare better."

Then Prudence and she turned back and left the others to go on by themselves. Then said Great-heart:

"We need not be so afraid of this valley; there is nothing here. To be sure, Christian encountered Apollyon, but that is because he slipped so often going down the hill. Had he walked better there Apollyon would not have thought of opposing him. But I mean no disparagement to Christian more than to others. He gained at last a brave victory over his enemy. Though this valley bears a hard name, to some it is green and fruitful, and some there are who thrive in the Valley of Humiliation."

As he was thus talking, they came upon a boy feeding his father's sheep.

"I will dare to say," said Great-heart, "that that boy lives a happy, con-



tented life, though his lot is cast here," and even as he spoke the boy struck into a sweet song—

"He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide

"I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

"Fullness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age."

"This valley is one seldom chosen save by those who live a pilgrim's life," said Great-heart; "and though Christian's lot was to meet one of his greatest enemies here, there are those who, while walking here, have met with angels and have found pearls here, and also the words of life here, 'even the Lord God of hosts;'"

"I think," said Mercy, "that I am as well here as I have been anywhere in my life. The place seems to agree with me: there is no rumbling of gay coaches to disturb one."

"I have often heard other pilgrims affirm the same," said Great-heart. "Yonder is the place your father," turning to the boys, "had his fight with Apollyon. Forgetful Green opens near there, and it is a dangerous place for pilgrims, as in that narrow place, so near to the green, they are apt to forget how weak they are, and how all that they have is through the bounty of God. See, there is the monument that marks your father's victory, and there are some of Apollyon's darts on the ground."

Drawing nearer, upon the pillar they read this inscription—

"Hard by here was a battle fought,
Most strange and yet most true;
Christian and Apollyon fought
Each other to subdue.
The man so bravely play'd the man,
He made the fiend to fly;
Of which a monument I stand,
The same to testify."

The pilgrims had now reached the Valley of the Shadow of Death; but they were better favored than had Christian been, as they reached it in broad daylight; besides, the presence of Mr. Great-heart gave them courage. But when they had fairly entered the valley, they seemed to hear groanings, and on every hand seemed to be hissing serpents and dark-winged objects.

"Are we not nearly at the end of this place?" asked the boys, while James began to grow ill with fear.

"Be of good cheer, and look well to your feet, so that you are not taken by any snare, and we shall soon be through," answered their guide.

A little further on, Christiana said:

"I think I see something yonder."

"What is it like, mother?" asked James.

"I can not tell, but it is a vile thing. There it is, nearer now!"

Then Mr. Great-heart told those who were afraid, to keep close to him; so the fiend came on, and their conductor met it; but when it was come so close they could almost touch it, it vanished. Then the pilgrims remembered something told them some time ago: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." A little while after, Mercy, looking back, thought she saw something, in looks like a lion, coming on after them. They could hear his roar and the sound of his heavy step. So now their guide fell back, placing the pilgrims all in front of him. As the lion drew nearer, Great-heart prepared to give him fight; but as quick as the beast saw that, he turned and left them.

Next they came to a place near to a great pit, out of which rose mist that soon enveloped them and shut off the light. Here they heard strange rushing sounds, like people in combat.

"And here," said Christiana, "my poor Christian walked alone! I have heard much of this place, but now I know for myself."

As the way grew darker, they called out earnestly to God

to send them light upon their way and to deliver them; and as they prayed on without ceasing, God sent them light.

"Oh," said one of the boys, "if ever we get into a good way again, we will think more of it than we ever did before."

"Well, we will be out by and by," said Great-heart.

A little further on they came to a man lying dead in a ditch.

"That is Headless," said Great-heart; "he has lain there for a long time."

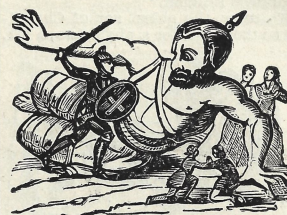
After this, as they came to the entrance to the cave that Christian had seen on the side of the way, there came out Maul, a giant.

"How many times have you been forbidden to do this thing!" he said angrily to Great-heart whom he seemed to know at once.

"What thing?"

"You know well, you kidnapper you! What right have you to carry off our women and children into strange countries? You rob us of our very best."

Then the giant came up to Great-heart and they fell into fierce combat. With almost the first blow the giant struck Great-heart down upon his knees. At this such a cry went up from the women and children that Great-heart was roused to make a powerful effort, and he laid blows upon the giant lustily. After an hour's hard fighting, they drew off for a little rest. This time Great-heart and his companions spent in prayer, calling upon the Lord for help. After a little while the combat began again. Once the giant came near breaking in Great-heart's skull, but this was the enemy's last advantage, for soon Great-heart gave him a fearful thrust that brought him to the ground, and the next moment he was lying stretched before them dead.



Before going on, the little company reared a pillar, on which they placed the head of the giant; then, having thanked God for their deliverance, they went on their way. When they reached the little ascent where Christian, looking ahead, espied Faithful, they sat down and rested. While they were eating they talked over the encounter.

"How did you feel, Great-heart, when the giant threw you down?" asked Christiana.

"Why, that so my Master was once served, and yet he it was that conquered at the last."

"I do not see," said Matthew, "how we can ever distrust God again after his bringing us so out of this valley and delivering us from the enemy."

When the little party had again passed on, they found an aged pilgrim asleep under an oak. When Mr. Great-heart waked him, he started up, asking quickly who they were and what the matter was.

"Oh, you needn't be so fierce," said the guide; "I am only Great-heart, who is in charge of some pilgrims."

"I beg your pardon," said the other. "I thought you were of the same company as the one that robbed Little-faith."

"And what would you have done if we had been?" asked Great-heart.

"Done! I would have fought as long as the breath was in me—that's what I would have done," said the old man, boldly; "and had I done that, you could never have given me the worst of it, for a Christian can never be overcome unless he should yield of himself."



"You've said the truth there."
 "And by knowing that it is the truth, you prove to me that you are a pilgrim as well, for all others think that we are overcome the soonest of any kind of people," said the old man.

"I am glad that we have met, and may I know your name?" asked Great-heart.

"I do not proclaim my name," said the other, modestly, "but I can assure you it is not one to be ashamed of; but I would that others would find it out for themselves. But I come from the town of Stupidity, that lies a little beyond the City of Destruction."

"Oh, ho! I have an idea that you are old Honesty," said Great-heart, good-naturedly.

"Not Honesty, but Honest," said the other, blushing. "But I trust my character agrees with what I am called."

"I have heard of you from my Master, who knows what goes on; but do you know it has often been a wonder to me that such a man as you have the reputation of being should be found in a place like Stupidity. Why, sir, that bears a worse name even than the City of Destruction."

"Yes, we are more cold and senseless; but were a man in a mountain of ice, yet if the Sun of Righteousness should shine upon him his frozen heart would melt; and thus it has been with me."

Then the old man greeted all the pilgrims and inquired after them. When he found out who Christiana was, he skipped about like a boy, and wished her a thousand blessings.

"Why, I know all about your husband and his battles. The whole country rang with his courage and sincerity." Then, when he found out the children were Christian's, he turned and shook hands with them warmly, asking their names. "Matthew," he said "may you be like Matthew the publican, not in vice, but in virtue; Samuel, be like Samuel the prophet, a man of faith and prayer; Joseph, strive to be like the Joseph that dwelt in Potiphar's house, chaste, and one to fly from temptation; and, James, be thou like James the Just, and like James the brother of our Lord." Then, when the old man learned of Mercy, and how she had left all to accompany Christiana on her way, he said, taking her by the hand, "May thou be sustained and carried through all the difficulties that may assail you, so that in time you may look the Fountain of mercy in the face with comfort."

All this pleased Great-heart well, for he liked his present companions, and was glad when they met with those who seemed appreciative of them.

"As they all walked along together, Great-heart asked their new companion if he ever knew a Mr. Fearing that started on a pilgrimage from his part of the country."

"Oh, yes; he was one who had the root of the truth in him, but he was one of the most troublesome pilgrims I ever met with."



to go across. He saw others get through, but he was sure he would be drowned. Yet he had no wish, I am told, to turn back; he seemed to be fully assured that he

must reach the Celestial City in order to be safe. There was no unbelief as to its being the right way in his heart, only lack of trust in himself. When at last he got across the Slough, and reached the gate that stands at the entrance of the way, you know, I understand he stood a long time before he could get the courage to knock; and when the gate was opened he would give back to others, and say that he was not worthy; and so, though he was ahead of some others in reaching the gate, they passed in ahead of him; and when at last he did go in, it was in a trembling way, and as though he was ashamed to show his face. He behaved just the same when he reached our house. He had a note from the Master, given him at the gate, commending him to our special attention, and telling us to provide him with a good guide, as, though sincere, he was so timid he would make poor progress traveling alone. But for all that, he lay outside our gate in the cold, afraid to call for entrance. He was about starved when we found him; and to think all could have been his that the house contained but for the asking! Some people do make things so hard for themselves! After we found Fearing sitting by the steps, we had just to beg of him to come in before we could get him to do so; but our Lord was very gentle and kind to him. When he had been with us for some time, he seemed to pluck up more heart; but when we started forth—I was told to go with him—he had got but a little way from the house before he began to sigh and groan again. When he came to where the three fellows were hung he said he expected that would be his end also; but yet he was glad when we came in sight of the cross, and took a long, lingering look at it. When we came to the Hill Difficulty, he did not mind it

at all, neither did he seem to feel much fear of the lions; his fear seemed to be only about his being accepted at the last. When I got him to the house Beautiful, he was much surprised that he was really there. When he went down into the Valley of Humiliation, he seemed not to mind it at all; in fact, he seemed the happiest there—more so though he felt at home of anywhere. He seemed to feel sympathy for what he found there, and he would commune with the little flowers growing by the wayside as with kindred spirits; but when from there we entered upon the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I had my hands full to get him along—not that he had any wish to turn back, but he was so full of fear. "The hobgoblins will have me—they will surely have me!" he would cry, and it was all I could do to get him on. But I think our enemies were given special check by our Lord until Mr. Fearing had passed through, so that he might not be tempted above what he could bear, for I never knew the valley as quiet as while we were passing through at that time. When we got to Vanity Fair, Fearing all at once grew brave. The sight of their sinfulness against our Lord seemed to fairly exasperate him, and I thought he would have a fight with every man there before I could get him through. He had confidence to fight all battles save his own. At the Enchanted Ground he was not overcome at all, but was more watchful and vigilant than I have known stronger men to be. He was not once overcome with sleep. But when we came to the river where there is no bridge, then it was a hard case again. He knew he should be drowned; he should not, after all, see the loved face of the One he had come so far to see! But I noticed that, as it had been at the Valley of Death, so was it at the river—he seemed to have less fear than any other I had known, for the river was very low, as though lowered on his account and he really went over with very little danger. When he was going to the gate I parted from him.

"So it seems it was well with him at the last," said Father Honest.



"Yes; I never had any doubt about its being so. He was a man of very choice spirit, tender hearted, and above committing any sin. It was his lack of confidence that made him such a burden to himself as well as to others."

After this, Mr. Honest began to talk about a Mr. Self-will.

"He pretended to be a pilgrim, but I always doubted his having entered the way by the srait gate," he said.

"What caused you to think so?"

"Well, he had not the true ring to him. I have traveled upon the road for a long time, and I have learned to know people well. Self-will held the ground that there were no pilgrims but that committed sin; those who had passed on before had, and so one might copy the vices as well as the virtues of the pilgrims, and that it would all come right somehow."

I thought that just here there came one running toward the pilgrims, who cried—

"You are of the weaker sort, you folks, and you had better save yourselves; the robbers are before you."

"I suppose they are the three that was a y a i d Little-faith," said Great-heart. "Well, we are ready for them."

Then they went on, looking upon every side for the robbers; but whether they had heard of Great-heart,

or whether they were engaged with some one else, they failed to come upon them. Then Christiana wished for a place of rest, as they were all so weary.

"There is a disciple named Galus living near. He is a gentleman and a Christian. We will go there and rest."

When they had reached the place, they inquired if they might rest there for the night.

"Yes, if you are true men. My house is for none but pilgrims."

After that they were made welcome.

"Whose wife is this matron, and whose daughter is this?" he asked.

"This is the wife of one Christian who passed over the road some time ago; these are his children, and this is Marcy, a friend of the family," said the guide.

"And so this is Christian's wife, and these his children," said their host. "I am glad I have a house to welcome you to. I am glad Christian has left four such boys to follow in his footsteps."

"They are likely lads, and seem to choose their father's ways," said Great-heart.

"And I should say this young damsel was likely to make a good wife to one of them," said Galus. "Women have a high place in our Christ's ministry. They were women that wept when he was going to the cross, and women that followed him from the cross, and that sat by his sepulchre when he was buried. They were women that were first with him at his resurrection morn, and women that brought tidings first to his disciples that he was risen from the dead. Women, therefore, are highly favored, and show by these things that they are sharers with us in the grace of life."

Then the cook sent some one to lay the cloth for supper, and to let them know that their food was nearly ready. As a servant placed the trenchers upon the table, Matthew said:

"The sight of the preparation makes me hungry."

"So, I trust," said Galus, "will the ministering of doctrines in this life awaken in you a keener appetite for the good things the Lord of the feast is preparing for you above, for all preaching and ceremonies here are but the laying of the trenchers and setting on of the salt, compared to the good things in preparation for us."

While they were eating, a dish of fruit and nuts was set before them. At sight of them, some one said, "Nuts spoil tender teeth;" at which Galus replied—

"Hard texts are nuts (I will not call them cheaters), Whose she is do keep their kernels from the eaters. Ope then the shells, and you shall have the meat; They here are brought for you to crack and eat."

Then they were very merry, and sat at the table a long time. At last Father Honest said:

"My good host, while we are cracking your nuts, suppose you open this riddle—

"A man there was, and some d d count him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had."

All waited to see what reply Galus would make. At last he said—

"He that bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again, and ten times more."

"I do not see how you guessed it," said Joseph.

"Oh, nothing teaches like experience," said Galus. "I have learned of my Lord. 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to poverty. There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.'"

After supper, the younger boys were anxious to go to bed, and a room was given them; but far into the night did the others sit, talking.

So pleasant did the pilgrims find the home of their new friend that they gladly accepted of the kind invitation to remain with him for awhile, and lingered for nearly a month. One day Mr. Galus said:

"Now you are here, and seeing there are so many of us, and that you, Great-heart, are so well fitted out with armor, suppose we go out in search of that Slay-good, the giant, who so molests the King's highway hereabout. He is master of a number of thieves, and it would be a great thing if we could clear them out."

So they went out—Mr. Great-heart with sword, and the others with spears and staves. When they came upon the giant, they found him with one Feeble-mind in his hands that his servants had just brought him. As soon as he saw Great-heart at the mouth of his cave, he asked him what they wanted.

"We want you!" thundered Great-heart; "We have come to revenge the many you have slain."

"Why are you here upon my ground?" said the giant, angrily.

"To revenge the blood of pilgrims; so come out of your cave."

Then they went fiercely at each other. The giant fought well, but so, too, did Great-heart and his helpers, and at last the giant's head was severed from his body.

When they returned they took Feeble-mind with them.

"How did you come to fall into his hands?" asked Great-heart.

"Well, you see, I am a sickly man. I come from the town of Uncertain. I was afraid of

death, and I thought the best way for me to do was to enter upon the pilgrims' way; but though every one has for the most part treated me kindly, I make but feeble progress. When the giant met me at Assault Lane, and told me to prepare for an encounter of course I couldn't prepare; I was more fit for a cordial than a conflict, so I went with him without demur, thinking that for that reason he might treat me more kindly, but I think he would have picked my bones if you had not come up!"

Are you not a relative of Mr. Fearing, who was once a pilgrim?" asked Mr. Honest.

"Yes; he was my father's brother. He came from the town of Stupidity. He and I, some think, resemble each other."



"Yes," said Honest; "he was a little shorter than are you, but of much the same complexion and looks."

"We had many feelings in common," said Mr. Feeble-mind.

"Well, cheer up, my friend; I am glad to welcome you to my house."



Just here there came one running to tell them that on a little way was one Not-right, a pilgrim, struck dead by a thund'rbolt. "And is he dead?" said Feeble-mind, mournfully. "He was with me when the giant took me, but he was nimble and got away."

While the pilgrims were staying at the house of Gaius, Matthew and Mercy were married, and a little later Gaius gave his daughter Phebe to James, the next younger brother.

As they were about to go on their way again, Gaius made a feast, at which they were all very merry.

Now, when the time was come that they must go, Mr. Great-heart called for a reckoning; but Gaius told him that at his house it was not the custom for pilgrims to pay for their entertainments. Then he took leave of them all and of his daughter, now James' wife.

As they were going out, Mr. Great-heart saw Mr. Feeble-mind lingering behind.

"Come, Feeble-mind," he said, "go along with us; I will be your conductor."

"I should be but a burden to you," he answered. "My nerves are weak; I can not bear what others can. I should like no laughing, and no bright attire, or light talking."

"But, brother, my commission is to 'comfort the feeble-minded,' and to 'support the weak.' We will lend you our things that offend you, rather than that you should be left behind."



Just as he said this, there came by the door Mr. Ready-to-halt, with his crutches under his arm. He, too, was going on a pilgrimage.

"I was but just saying I had no suitable companion," said Feeble-mind to him.

"Welcome; I think you and I can go along together very well."

So thus they went on—Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Honest before, Christiana and her children next, and Mr. Feeble-mind and Mr. Ready-to-halt behind.

Talking of things they had seen in the past, of Christiana's and Faithful's experience, and other things of similar interest, the pilgrims passed on until they came in sight of Vanity, where Vanity Fair was kept. When they saw that they were so near the town, they consulted how they should pass through the town; and some said one thing and some another. At last Mr. Great-heart said—

"I have, as you know, often been a conductor of pilgrims through this town. Now, I am acquainted with one Mr. Mnason, an old disciple at whose house we may lodge if you think well of it."

To this they all readily assented. When they reached the house, the old man knew Great-heart's voice as soon as

he heard it, and, opening the door, made them all welcome. After they entered, Mr. Mnason said cordially:

"Now, whatever you want, let us know, and we will try to get it for you."

"A little while ago our want was a place of rest and good company, but now we seem to be supplied with both," said Father Honest.

"You surely have the place to rest in," said their host, "but as to the good company, that remains to be proven."

While the little company were at supper, Mr. Honest asked their landlord if there were any good people in town.

"But a few, compared with those that are upon the other side," he answered.

"But how can we manage to see those that are here?" asked Honest. "It would refresh us to see others journeying the same way as ourselves."

At this their host stamped with his foot, and his daughter Grace came from a room below.

"Grace, go tell my friends, Mr. Conitrite, Mr. Holyman, Mr. Love-saint, Mr. Dare-not-lie and Mr. Penitent, that I have a friend or two at my house, and would like to see them this evening."

So Grace went out, and soon returned accompanied by the newly-invited guests.

Then said Mr. Mnason, their landlord—

"I have, as you see, a company of strangers here; they are pilgrims, come from afar, and are going to Mount Zion. But who do you think this is?" pointing with his finger to Christiana. "It is Christiana, the wife of Christian, that famous pilgrim who, with Faithful his brother, was so shamefully handled in our town."

At that the new-comers stood amazed, and one said:

"We little thought to see Christiana when Grace came to call us. This is a great surprise."

Then they asked her of her welfare, and if the young men were her husband's sons; and when she had told them they were, they said:

"May the King, whom you love and serve, make you as your father, and bring you where he is in peace!"

Then Mr. Honest, when they were all sat down, asked Mr. Conitrite how their town was doing.

"Full of stir and hurry, as usual," he answered. "I assure you it is hard to keep in a prayerful mind here, where there is so much worldliness. And how does it fare with you as concerns your walk towards the Heavenly City?"

"Sometimes well and sometimes otherwise. The wind is not always at our backs; neither is everyone a friend that we meet with," said Father Honest.

"And what encounters have you had?"

"You will have to ask Great-heart here of that; he is our guide."

Then Great-heart told of their various conquests, and, among others, the rescuing of Feeble-mind from the giant.

"That I tell you the truth of this last," he said, "here is the lamb taken from the lion's mouth beside us."

"I found it to be true to my cost and to my comfort too," spoke up Feeble-mind—"to my cost when the giant threatened to pick my bones, and to my comfort when Great-heart here and his friends rescued me."

So the company sat talking until it was time for them to go to rest.

The pilgrims found, upon going around the town, that it was much improved to what it was at the time Christian and Faithful visited it and seldom now were people molested on account of the belief they held; and not only this, but many of the townspeople themselves had turned their thoughts to better things than formerly, so that now there were many good Christians to be found here. So the travelers stayed for quite a long while. During this time their host's daughters, Grace and Martha, were given to Christiana's two younger sons for wives.

During their stay, Mercy, as usual, did all in her power to help those around her, and she and Christiana were to be seen in all parts of the city laboring for the suffering and poor.

While they were lingering in the town, there was a monster that, coming from his den in the woods, attacked and killed several people, yet so fierce were his looks and so mighty his voice, there was found none with courage



sufficient to go out against this monster, which was said to be shaped like a dragon, and yet was controlled by one like a woman. Then Mr. Great-heart persuaded Mr. Honest and those of his new friends whom he could count upon being courageous, to go out with him to seek this monster of dragon-like shape. Now only at certain times did their enemy come out. The first time Great-heart and his followers attacked him they only succeeded in holding him at bay, until, growing weary, he retreated again to the woods. The next time they gave him a fearful blow, which wounded him severely. So they kept on, continually harassing him whenever he appeared, until at last, though they did not quite kill him, they so wounded him that he could do but little harm, and many were of the opinion that in time he must die of his wounds.



This made Great-heart of great renown; so, keeping constantly active in good works, the pilgrims grew even while at this worldly town, and many were the ones that were benefited by their stay.

When at last they set out upon their way, quite a number accompanied them for awhile upon their journey; then, when they turned back, the pilgrims took up their old line of march—Mr. Great-heart in front, the women next, and Mr. Feeble-mind and Mr. Ready-to-halt behind. When they came to the place a little way out of the town, where Faithful had been put to death, they stopped and returned thanks that his cross had not been theirs.

Soon after this, they came, as had Christian, to the hill Lucre, where the silver mine was that tempted Demas from his pilgrimage, and this they passed thoughtfully, wondering, as they came to the pillar of salt, how men could be so blinded to their own interests as were some.

I saw now that they went on till they came to the river that was on this side of the Delectable Mountains—to the river where the fine trees grow on both sides. By this river side, in the meadow, there were cotes and folds for sheep, a house built for the nourishing and bringing up of the lambs.

When they were come to By-path Meadow, to the stile over which Christian went with his fellow Hopeful, when they were taken by Giant Despair and put into Doubting Castle, they sat down and consulted whether it was not best, now they were so strong, and had got such a man as Mr. Great-heart for their conductor, to make an attempt upon the giant, demolish his castle, and if there were any pilgrims in it, to set them at liberty before they went any further. One, as usual, said one thing, and another said the contrary. One questioned if it was lawful to go upon unconsecrated ground; another said they might, provided their end was good. Mr. Great-heart said:

"Though that assertion offered last can not be universally true, yet I have a commandment to resist sin, to overcome evil, to fight the good fight of faith; and, I pray, with whom should I fight this good fight if not with Giant Despair? I will, therefore, attempt the taking away of his life and the demolishing of Doubting Castle." Then said he, "Who will go with me?"

Then said old Honest, "I will."

"And so will we too," said Christiana's four sons, Matthew, Samuel, James and Joseph, for they were now young men and strong.

So they left the women in the road, and with them Mr. Feeble-mind and Mr. Ready-to-halt with his crutches, to be their guard until they came back, for in that place, though Giant Despair dwelt so near, while keeping in the road a little child might lead them.

So Mr. Great-heart, old Honest and the four young men went to go up to Doubting Castle to look for Giant Despair. When they reached the gate they knocked so loudly that both the giant and his wife came to the door to see what was the matter.

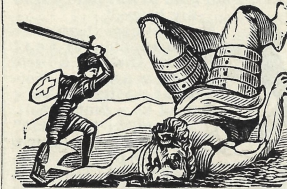
"And who is so foolhardy as to molest the Giant Despair in this fashion?" he cried.

"It is I, Great-heart, conductor of pilgrims along the King's highway, and I demand an entrance into thy castle, and that thou prepare for warfare."

Now, Giant Despair, on account of former success and because he was a giant, thought that no man had power to kill

him, so he harnessed himself for battle and went out. He had a cap of steel upon his head, and iron shoes upon his feet, and a great club in his hand.

As soon as he was in their midst the six pilgrims fell upon



him, almost surrounding him. When the giantess saw how he was likely for once to find his match, she came out to help him, but old Honest cut her down with one blow. Then they fought as though each were fighting for his life, and the giant struggled fiercely, but at last he was conquered, and his head severed from his body. Now they went to work to demolish the castle. At last, breaking down the walls, they found the yard full of bones, and in one of the inner rooms, nearly half starved, they found a Mr. Despondency and his daughter, Much-a-fraid. These two were really good people, and gladly confided themselves to Great-heart's protection. So, with the head of the giant on a pole, and accompanied by the two newly-released prisoners, they started back to where they had left the rest.



When Feeble-mind and Ready-to-halt saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they were very merry. Now Christiana could play upon the viol and her daughter Mercy upon the lute, so as she saw they were so merry, they played for Ready-to-halt to dance; so he took Despondency's daughter, Much-a-fraid, by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand, but still he fooled it very well. As for Mr. Despondency, the music was not much to him; he was in need of feeding rather than dancing, and Great-heart set about preparing food for him at once.

Now I saw in my dream that, after this, Mr. Great-heart took the head of Giant Despair and set it upon a pole by the roadside, right opposite the pillar Christian had erected for a caution to pilgrims that came after to take heed of entering into his grounds; then upon the pole Great-heart wrote—

"Though Doubting Castle be demolished,
And the Giant Despair hath lost his head,
Sin can rebuild the castle, make 't remain,
And make Despair the giant live again."

After this, the pilgrims soon reached the Delectable Mountains, and when the shepherds saw what a train Great-heart—with whom they were well acquainted—had with him, they called out to know who they were. Great-heart, looking around on his followers, said—

"First here is Christiana and her train.
Her sons and her sons' wives, who, like the wain,
Keep by the pole, and do by compass steer;
From sin to grace, else they had not been here;
Next, here's old Honest come on pilgrimage.
Ready-to-halt, too, who I dare engage,
True-hearted is, and so is Feeble-mind,
Who willing was not to be left behind;
Despondency, good man, is coming after,
And so also is Much-a-fraid, his daughter.
May we have entertainment here, or must
We further go? Let's know wherein to trust."

"Well, that is a goodly company, I should say," replied one of the shepherds. "Welcome, for we have comfort here for the weak as well as the strong."

When they were come to the palace door, Feeble-mind, Ready-to-halt, Despondency and Much-a-fraid were called in first, and the stronger left to the last.

"We care for the weaker ones first, you see, so that there will be no dropping out by the way," said the shepherds to Great-heart, as last of all he passed in.

While they were here, as was their custom, the shepherds showed the pilgrims things they thought would profit them.

They took them to a place called Mount Innocent, and

there they saw a man clothed all in white, and two men—
Prejudice and Ill-will—continually casting dirt upon him;



but the dirt they cast at him in a little time fell off again, and his garments looked as clear as though no dirt had been thrown.

Then said the pilgrims, "What means this?"

The shepherds answered, "This man is named Godly-man, and his garment is to show the innocency of his life. Those that throw dirt at him are such as hate his well-doing; but, as you see, the dirt will not stick upon his clothes. So shall it be with him that lives truly innocent in the world. Whoever they be that would make such men dirty, they labor in vain; for God, in a little time, will cause their innocence to break forth as the light, and their righteousness as the noon-day."

Then they took them to Mount Charity, where they showed them a man that had a bundle of cloth lying before him, out of which he cut coats and garments for the poor that stood about him, yet his bundle or roll of cloth was never the less.

Then said they, "What is this?"

"This," said one of the shepherds, "is to show you that he that has a heart to labor for the poor, shall never want. The cake that the widow gave to the prophet did not cause that she had ever the less in her barrel."

Then they came to a place where two were trying to wash an Ethiopian white.

"Those two are Fool and Want-wit, and this is to show that one might as well try to wash the Ethiopian white as to get a vile man a good name."

Mercy asked them if they would not show them the door which led to the by-way of hell, which she had been told was near; so the shepherds took them to a door in the side of a hill and told Mercy to listen. As she stood with her ear held close, there came distinctly to her groanings over misspent lives, over the blindness of parents in not holding their children back from sin, and words of remorse that life had not been lived differently. As she stood listening, the ground seemed to tremble beneath her feet, and, white with fear, she turned away.

When the pilgrims were ready to start forth again, the shepherds did not give them the cautions about the way they had Christian, as these had Great-heart with them, who was so well acquainted with what was needful that he could advise them from time to time himself. So the company went singing on their way.



After a little while, Great-heart said:

"This is the place where Christian met Turn-away, the man who would hearken to no counsel, but once falling, no persuasion could stop him."

At the place where Little-faith was robbed, the pilgrims found a man standing with his sword drawn and blood stains upon his face.

"And who art thou?" asked Great-heart.

"I am Valiant-for-truth," he answered, "and am on my way to the Celestial City. But a little way back I was met by three men, who rudely gave me my choice of three things—to become one of them, to go back from whence I came, or to die upon the spot. As to the first, I told them that I had been a man of honor too long to care to be one of them; and as to going back, I had found the place from which I came quite unsuited to my needs, and had turned from it; and as to letting them take my life, it cost altogether too dear to be lightly given away; besides, I told them it was none of their business to meddle with my concerns. At that they fell upon me like mad, and I had all I could do to hold my own. So we had it together for several hours and then they took themselves off. You see they have left some marks upon me."

"And there were three against one," said Great-heart, admiringly.

"And how many d'd Sampson slay with the jaw-bone of an ass? But I had invisible help sent in answer to my cry for help to my King," was Valiant's reply.

"You have done well," said Great-heart; and then he bathed Valiant's wounds and waited on him to food.

As they went on, Mr. Great-heart was delighted with their new companion, for he was always glad when he found a man of the same mind as himself.

"How came you to enter this way?" he asked.

"Well, I am from Dark-land, and there came one, a Mr. Tell-true, who came to us telling of how Christian and others of the City of Destruction had found peace and happiness in this way; so I was tempted to try it for myself."

"You came in at the gate, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Look, Christiana," said Great-heart, "and see some of the fruits of your husband's good life." Then he said, explainingly to Valiant, "This is Christiana, the wife of Christian, and these are his sons."

"Well, well! and going on the same pilgrimage! I would like to see the good man when he first catches sight of them."

"Then you think we shall know our friends there?" said Great-heart.

"Shall we not know ourselves there, and are not those who are our near relatives, our second selves? and, though the tie of relationship may be broken, is it not rational that we shall know them, and be glad, too, to see them?"

"And did any try to dissuade you, Mr. Valiant, from coming this way?" asked Father Honest.

"Oh, yes. I was told of the Slough of Despond, and Beelzebub's darts at the Wicket-gate, and of the Hill of Difficulty, and of the three giants, Bloody-man, Maul and Slay-good. They also told me a great deal about Giant Despair, and the dangers of the Enchanted Ground, and that, after all these were passed, I should find a river over which was no bridge, which would, of itself, keep me from the Celestial City."

"Said they anything more to discourage you?"

"Yes; they told me of a Mr. Fearing that had tried it and found no comfort in it."

"And did none of these things have power to turn you?"

"They were as nothing when compared with what Mr. Tell-true had said. I believed him implicitly."

"Then this was your victory over faith?"

"It was. I believed, got into the way, fought all that arrayed themselves against me, and thus far am come off conqueror."

By this time they had reached the Enchanted Ground, where the air naturally tended to make one drowsy. The place was all grown over with briars and thorns, excepting here and there, where was an Enchanted Arbor, upon which, if a man sat or slept in, it is doubtful if ever he would wake again. Over this forest they went, with Mr. Great-heart before and Mr. Valiant for-truth behind, being there a guard, for fear lest some fiend or dragon should fall upon their rear and so do mischief. They went each man with his sword drawn in his hand, for they knew it was a dangerous place. Also, they cheered up one another as well as they could. Feeble mind, Mr. Great-heart commanded, should come up after him; and Mr. Despondency was under the eye of Mr. Valiant.

They had not gone far before a misty darkness was thrown over them, so that they could hardly see one another, but with words of encouragement from the ones in front and behind, they got along very well, though they grew weary and faint for food. As their strength seemed well-nigh gone, they came to a tempting bower, filled with soft, easy couches, and covered with running vines. This was the arbor called The Slothful's Friend, placed there to tempt pilgrims to rest upon the dangerous ground; but these pilgrims would not be tempted, and, in spite of fatigue, passed on. After this it became so dark their guide was obliged to strike a light and examine his chart, that he might for sure keep in



the right way. Had he not, they might have all perished, for they were very near a pit filled with mud, placed as a trap to unwary pilgrims' feet.

A little further on they came to a second arbor, and in it they found two pilgrims—Heedless and Too-bold—asleep. Great-heart went up to the sleepers and tried to waken them, but they only shook their heads and talked in their sleep about “when they were awake they would seek it again.”

“Now you see the foolishness of walking heedlessly,” said their guide.

Then the women, being footsore, begged for a light, that they might see where to step; so Great-heart struck one, and the rest of the way they went more comfortably, and after awhile a wind rose and drove away the fog.

When they were nearly through the Enchanted Ground, they came to a man down upon his knees, talking earnestly with God. Before they were up with him, he had risen, and was going rapidly towards the Celestial City.

“Hold on!” cried Mr. Greahheart: “if you are bound that way, let us have your company.”

So the man waited.

When they got up to where he was, they found it to be Mr. Stand-fast, a good pilgrim whom Mr. Honest knew well.

“So, so, Father Honest, you are here! Right glad am I to see you in this road,” he said, heartily.

“When I saw you praying when you thought no one was nigh, I said, ‘There’s an honest man; we’ll have him for company,’” said Honest; “but I did not expect to find it you.”

“And why were you praying at that particular time?” asked Valiant.

“Well, you see, I was upon Enchanted Ground, which I knew was considered dangerous ground to a pilgrim; and more than that, just a ways back I had been met by a tempter in female attire, who had sought in a measure to tempt me from out the narrow way I had set to walk in.”



“Was she a tall woman, with something of a swarthy complexion?” asked Honest.

“Yes.”

“That’s Madam Bubble. She talks well and smiles sweetly, but money is of more consequence to her than heavenly riches, I can assure you; and she is a fearful gossip.”

“But she has great power over some,” said Great-heart.

“So I had heard; and when I divined who she was, I lifted up my heart in prayer that I might keep my heart above such worldly companionship, and soon she saw fit to withdraw from me.”

After a little while I thought that they came to the Land of Beulah, where the sun shines night and day. Here they refreshed themselves with rest, plucking of the fruit in the King’s orchards, and eating, as Great-heart assured them it was intended they should. Here they heard constant talk of pilgrims—how some had just arrived, and how others had passed over—and they were kept in a state of excitement all the time, so that they found it well-nigh impossible to close their eyes in sleep. Often they would hear it said, “A legion of shining ones just come,” by which they knew fresh pilgrims were being ministered to.

In this place there was much talk of the ebb and flow of the river, and they found Death has its ebbs and flowings like the tide. They also found a record was here kept of the names of all that had been pilgrims, so that there was constantly much that was interesting to talk about.

Then, too, the children of the town each day gathered fresh flowers in the King’s gardens, and making them into bouquets, would walk out to meet pilgrims, and offer their gifts lovingly to them.

While they were refreshing themselves with this pleasant stay, there was noised about that a post from the Celestial City had come with an important message for one Christiana, the wife of Christian, the pilgrim.

When the message from the King of hosts was delivered to Christiana, a token that the bearer was a true messenger was also bestowed, which was an arrow whose point was sharpened with love which, taken into her heart, drew her time of waiting near to its end.

When Christiana understood that her time this side of the river was to be short, she called Great-heart to her, and asked his advice concerning everything. He rejoiced with her that so soon her journey was to be completed, and promised that they would all go with her to the verge of the river, and that, as there each must go by himself, it would be no harder for her now than further on. Then Christiana called all of her children to her and told them of how the message had been sent for her first, and charged them to keep the mark in their foreheads, that it might plainly bespeak them God’s followers, so that when their time should come for them to pass over unto the other side it would be well with them. Then she called for Mr. Valiant-for-truth, and entreated him to have an eye on her children when she should be no longer with them. She then called Mr. Honest, and said, “Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.”



Then came in Mr. Ready-to-halt to have a few last words with her.

"Thy travel hither has been a difficult one," Christiana said, looking kindly upon him; "but watch and be ready."

When Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid stood before her, she said:

"Be ye watchful, and cast away fear; be sober, and hope to the end."

When the day came that Christiana must be gone, the road was full of people to see her take her journey, and the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river side. The last words she was heard to say here were, "I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee."

So her children and friends returned to their place, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight.

At her departure her children wept bitterly, but Mr. Great-heart and Vallant did their best to comfort them.

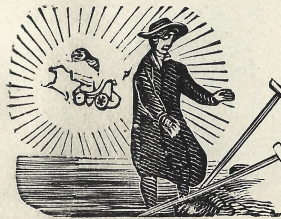
The next message that came was for Mr. Ready-to-halt. "I am come," said the messenger, "in the name of Him whom thou hast loved, though thou hast followed him upon crutches. The Lord wishes for thee, and broken is thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord."

Then Mr. Ready-to-halt desired Mr. Vallant to make his will, and bequeath his crutches to his son, together with the wish that he might, while treading in his steps, make a better walk than he had. Then, thanking Great-heart for all his kindness, he prepared for his journey.

When he was come to the river's brink and caught sight of the chariot upon the other side, he cried,

"No more need will I find for crutches." The last words he was heard to say were, "Welcome life!"

After this Mr. Feeble-mind was sent for; and a little later Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid entered the river, she was heard to break into a



strange, sweet song, the words of which could not be understood.

When it came time for Mr. Honest, he called for his friends and said:

"I die, but I make no will. Let him that comes after me be told that my honesty I took with me."

At this time the waters of the river rose high, and in some places overflowed the banks but Mr. Honest had prepared for this time of need, and had early in life spoken to one Good Conscience to meet him there; so now he had nothing to fear.

After this, Mr. Valiant received notice "that his pitcher was broken at the fountain." Then he called his friends around him, and said:

"I am going to my Father's, and though with great difficulty I came hither, I forget now all the trouble I have been to. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder."

When the day that he must go came, many accompanied him to the river, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over; and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Then there came a summons for Mr. Stand-fast—he that the pilgrims had found upon his knees upon the Enchanted Ground. When the messenger told him that the Master wished him to draw nearer, he said:

"Doubt not the truth of my message for 'thy wheel is broken at the cistern.'"

Then Stand-fast called Great-heart, and said:

"I have a wife and five children back in the home I left. I feel that I can trust you, for your company has been profit-

able to me, and I beg of you, if you are permitted to return for more pilgrims, that you seek out my lost ones and tell them of all that has come to me—of my walk hither and of my later blessed condition. Tell them also of Christiana—how she and her children followed on after her husband. I have little to send to them, save my prayers and tears."

When Mr. Stand-fast had thus set things in order, and the time had come for him to haste away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river, so that, when he was about half-way over, he stood awhile and talked to his companions that waited upon the banks, and he said:

"This river has been a terror to me all my life, and thoughts of it have often frightened me. Now, methinks, my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan. The waters, indeed, are cold yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, lies as a glowing coal at my heart."

"I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me."

"I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself."

"I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too."

"His voice to me has been most sweet, and his countenance I have more desired than they that have desired the light of the sun. His Word I used to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way."

Now, while he was thus talking, his countenance changed, and after he had said, "Take me, for I come unto thee," he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

As for Christian's children, the four boys that Christiana brought with her, with their wives and children, I did not stay where I was till they were gone over. Since I came away I heard one say that they were yet alive, and helped much the church in that place where they were.

FAREWELL.



Bunyan's Tomb.

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO.,
25 WASHINGTON ST.,
CHICAGO.